

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE news of the arrival of the *Tennessee* at San Domingo, after an uneventful voyage, has come in due course by the regular channels. It is safe to say that nothing in the history of sensational journalism can match, in impudence and success, the attempt to spread the belief that she had been lost. Usually, when newspaper men get up "a cruel hoax," they aver that they are in possession of certain intelligence; but in this case their capital consisted of the absence of all intelligence. They simply pointed to the fact that there was no news from a quarter from which there was no reason to expect any news, and on the strength of this by no means remarkable state of things they managed to fill half the American public with a horrible fear that a well-found, well-manned ship-of-war had gone to the bottom with all on board. They filled the whole country with anxiety for a fortnight, and we believe, towards the close, managed even to shake the nerves of the Navy Department itself, and produced the curious spectacle of crowds gathering eagerly on the wharf to receive from the mail steamer the information that a national ship had got into port safely, after an average passage and with fair weather. Nay, so effective was the imposition that we have ourselves, within a day or two, received a grave rebuke for trifling with the feelings of the relatives of the Commissioners, by ridiculing the stories of their untimely end, and suggesting the possibility of their being eaten by the crew after having been carried out of the "Horse Latitudes" by the trade-winds to the coast of Africa, as some of the authors of the hoax suggested was not unlikely.

After what has happened, it is difficult to see what is to prevent the production of a similar "scare" before long about another steamer. A vessel leaves this port for Liverpool, for instance, with some well-known person on board. When she is five days out, another vessel arrives from Queenstown, bringing no news of her. Then a brig comes in, and says she has seen a steamer which looked like her, but which the owners acknowledge cannot have been she, the rig being different. Then a bark arrives, having seen nothing of her; and finally, another steamer which has left Queenstown two days before she could possibly have reached that port, brings no news of her. Suppose that all this while a parcel of wretched wags are filling the papers with stories of her unseaworthiness, of the flatness of her bottom, the weakness of her engines, or with anecdotes about the *President*, the *Pacific*, the *City of Boston*, icebergs, and water-spouts, and with obituary notices of the people on board, and suppose that when at last the regular mail arrived, which left Queenstown when the ship had been eleven days out, and reported her safe arrival, the whole city was filled with rejoicing, and the bulletin-boards surrounded by large crowds, would it not be at once a ludicrous and melancholy spectacle? Would it not throw light on some curious points in mediæval history? And yet it would almost exactly resemble the *Tennessee* hoax.

There are signs that the work of the High Commission is not going to be so easy as at first seemed likely. It seems not improbable that an attempt will be made in the Senate to make the settlement of the *Alabama* case depend on the willingness of Great Britain to abandon all her possessions on this side of the ocean, including her West Indian Islands. The germ of this idea made its appearance in the columns of the *Tribune* about two years ago, in the shape of a hint that nothing short of the cession of Canada would suffice to satisfy the American public for the wrongs it had suffered. The source of this suggestion could hardly have been doubtful, as it was a natural enough deduction from Mr. Sumner's statement of the measure of damages in his famous speech. Under the rule he laid down, the surrender of Canada indeed would have only been a moderate atonement. Since then the conception has

grown and expanded, until it involves the total retirement of England from the Western continent and the adjacent isles; and Mr. Sumner is apparently as anxious to connect his name with the execution of this great scheme as the President is to connect his with the settlement of the affair in the ordinary way by the payment of pecuniary damages. Of course, the production of the plan by the American Commissioners is not at all likely, as they are all rational politicians and men of business; but it is not at all unlikely to find supporters enough in the Senate to secure the rejection of any treaty the Commissioners may agree on.

The scheme is somewhat modified since it first made its appearance, by the introduction of a proposition to purchase from Great Britain such territory as it is deemed proper she should abandon, instead of exacting it from her as a simple penalty; but this is hardly likely to render it any more acceptable in England. It is the surrounding circumstances rather than the terms of the proposal which give it its character; and no infusion into it of a mercantile element is likely to deprive it of its minatoriness in English eyes, coming, as it does, as part and parcel of a demand for redress of a grievous wrong. It will sound very much like an address of this sort from a private gentleman to a neighbor with whom he had quarrelled: "You are a great rascal, and have done much injury, and you know it. I have half a mind to give you a good licking; but I hate fighting, and will let you off if you will pay for the damage done me by those dogs of yours killing my sheep, and will sell me that bay mare I see you driving about. She is a very pretty animal, a great deal too good for you, and will match my mare exactly. So now, just say what you want for her, and let us have done with it. As long as you keep her, there will be constant quarrels between us, for it makes me mad to see you sitting behind her with your complacent smirk."

The peaceable cession of English territory in this hemisphere to the United States would be a glorious thing, but it would have to be negotiated in quiet times, and when both parties were on good terms and in a good humor. If any settlement made by the Commission were now rejected in the Senate, for the purpose of furthering any such demands, there is no doubt that it would be taken in England as a sign that America wanted to fight, and it would find public opinion there in a highly inflammable condition. It would put the complaints too, which have been so frequently and strenuously made on this side of the water, of the wounds inflicted on American feelings by the conduct of Great Britain during the war, over and above the actual damage done to the shipping, in a somewhat ludicrous light. It does not do to say to a man that he has hurt your feelings as well as torn your coat; that the injury is, after all, only a small matter; that it is the indignity which most troubles you; but that, nevertheless, if he will make it worth your while, you will let bygones be bygones. In fact, if the "code of honor" be applied to an international difference, it must regulate the nature of the satisfaction as well as measure the extent of the injury, and that code knows nothing of pecuniary atonements. Under it, you may either fight, or take an apology, or cut the offender's acquaintance; but you cannot forego an apology and renew your friendship with him for a "valuable consideration."

As regards the composition of the Commission, it has been suggested that it would have been proper to have put Mr. Adams and Mr. George Bemis on it on the American side. Of the fitness of these gentlemen, as far as knowledge goes, there can be no question; but Mr. Bemis is disqualified for the same reason that Mr. Vernon Harcourt is disqualified, and that is, that he has discussed the question polemically, or, in other words, has, to all intents and purposes, played the part of counsel in the case. The same objection may be made, though with less force, to Mr. Adams, who, besides, was committed by his instructions to one or two points which the present administration has aban-

done. It is, of course, desirable not only that the Commission should be judicial-minded, but that the public of the two countries should consider it so; and no pains should be avoided which are likely to secure this result. The man who ought to have been put on the American side, and has not been, is President Woolsey, of Yale College. We doubt if there is anybody on it on either side who unites as many qualifications for the place—that is, who adds so much moral weight to so much of the needful kind of learning.

The Forty-first Congress reaches its end next week, and business in it seems to have closed already. The last session, though in appearance a barren one, has been really very creditable, owing to the fact that nearly everything has been let alone. The tariff was not tinkered, so that the value of property has been left to the ordinary influences of supply and demand. Specie payments have not been restored, and as all the great financial measures of last session have turned out failures, the present winter has not been illustrated by any new ones. The grand plan for diffusing "capital" through the country in equal measure, by the establishment of new national banks, without regard to the actual distribution of real wealth, has, owing to the working of a well-known law of trade—confound it—left things pretty much as they were. Mr. Boutwell has got his new bonds ready, but has not as yet succeeded in disposing of them, though the shadowy forms of several new "German bankers" are once more said to be stretching out their hands for them. The income tax has not been repealed, in deference to Mr. Boutwell's remonstrances, and we are bound to say that, if he is to be held responsible, as he ought to be, for the management of the finances, his remonstrances on such a subject ought to be listened to, and it is a good sign that Congress does listen to them. There are about thirty times as many financiers in that body already as a republic of this size can find work for. All the great subsidy schemes have been defeated, including the plan of paying people high salaries out of the Treasury for engaging in the shipping business.

The McGarrahan claim has received aid and comfort from the passage of a resolution reported by the minority of the Judiciary Committee of the House, directing the patent, which is alleged to have been issued to McGarrahan in 1863, but which Mr. Cox maintains was not signed by the proper officer, to be restored to the books of the Land Office "without any mutilation or erasure whatever" (the theory of an "erasure" is part of McGarrahan's case), and that the President be required and authorized to do whatever seems to him equitable in the matter, without regard to any proceedings taken after March 14, 1863, the date of the patent. This performance is really an appeal from the Supreme Court to the Legislature, as General Garfield pointed out in the debate, and the House in it assumes the right to set aside the decisions of the Court, on the ground that the appeal in which the decision was given was improperly taken, the time within which it could be taken having elapsed; in other words, it resolves that the Supreme Court is not competent to pass on the question of its own jurisdiction. The danger and scandal of all this it is hardly necessary to point out. This extraordinary vote passed by 95 to 82.

The complication in the coal-mining regions is assuming a very serious aspect. After a two months' suspension of work, agreed upon between the mine-owners and the working miners, the latter are willing and anxious to resume work. But the former, determined to destroy the organization by means of which, they assert, the working-men have been enabled to exact unreasonable terms from their employers, now refuse, under various pretexts, to recommence operations. They will not treat with the association representing the miners, and have induced the railroad companies—or rather themselves under another name—to nearly treble the freight on coal to New York, evidently with the intention of putting an entire stop to the trade. What the result will be it is not easy to foretell. But it seems clear that the conflict, which thoughtful men have for some time past been looking forward to with dread, between irresponsible and unscrupulous corporations and equally irresponsible and unscrupulous labor-unions, is no longer very far distant.

Business continues dull and light. The South complains of poverty, the large cotton crop, produced at high wages and high prices for

manures and provisions, yielding but little profit to the producers. The West, although relieved from the anxiety caused by last spring's low prices for produce, is still cautious, and has been further restrained from coming into the markets as a buyer by the high railroad freights. Merchants generally are preparing for a small trade, and are seeking to make it more profitable by reducing the extravagant expenses for rent, travelling agents, and advertising, which have of late years outgrown all reason. The railroads were beginning to feel the falling-off in traffic, and have reduced their rates of freight. The foreign trade in exports continues moderately active, but its exact proportions are not known, owing to one of those charming imbroglis in the Custom-house, where the removal of a clerk, probably to make way for one more sound on San Domingo but less versed in business, has thrown the whole Statistical Bureau into confusion—a circumstance, of course, only faintly alluded to by the daily press in their respective departments, which would otherwise be deprived of the usual "facilities." Cotton continues to arrive in large quantities, although not equal to those of last week, and the export continues active, although some uneasiness is experienced both here and abroad as to the probable effect of continued uncertainty in France. Breadstuffs and provisions are dull, under disappointment at the slight result of the surrender of Paris.

Money, owing to the general dullness of trade, continues extremely abundant, and at lower rates of interest than have ever before permanently prevailed in this country. But even the low rates of interest furnish no temptation to embark in new enterprises, and all securities not thoroughly well established in public confidence are neglected. Investment is running more and more into old railroad mortgages and Government bonds. The latter continue firm, and encourage Mr. Boutwell to believe confidently in the success of his funding measures, although, with the probability of more active money in Europe, and with the certainty of heavy loans pressing on the market there, many shrewd business men pretend to doubt the Secretary's judgment in the matter. In spite of our heavy cotton shipments, the state of the foreign exchanges continues adverse to us, and we are again exporting moderate amounts of coin and bullion, the movement commencing much earlier in the season than usual. But the utter absence of all speculation, and the recent anomalous course of all markets, seems to prevent all important changes in the premium on gold.

The last published returns of the British Board of Trade for the eleven months of the years 1869 and 1870, ending November 30 of each year, enable us to correct what seems a very general misapprehension concerning the influence of the Franco-Prussian war on our exports of breadstuffs, at least so far as England is concerned. These returns show that, in spite of materially lower prices during part of the year, we sent to England during the period named only 400,000 cwt. more wheat in 1870 than in 1869, an increase of less than 4 per cent., although, during the same time, the receipts from France, Prussia, Turkey, and the Danubian Principalities had fallen off 4,700,000 cwt., or ten times the increased amount furnished by us—the principal part of the deficiency being supplied by Russia, and the balance by England herself. Our exports of flour to England show, however, an important increase, over 600,000 cwt., or nearly 50 per cent., the amount being almost identical with the corresponding decrease in the English receipts from France, the total receipts from all countries being about the same during the two years. Our own statistics, though only completed up to the end of September, confirm this view very strikingly, our total export of wheat during that period of 1870 being a trifle less in amount, and nearly 25 per cent. less in value, than that for the same time in 1869, while the exports of flour, although showing an increase in quantity of ten per cent., produced actually 7 or 8 per cent. less in value. Precisely the same is the case with provisions and meats of every kind. Few persons not familiar with the facts would be disposed to anticipate this result, the general belief being that our exports of breadstuffs and provisions have largely increased in consequence of the war.

The *Evening Post* was very rash in asserting that the *Nation* was "entirely wrong" in saying (Feb. 9) "that in a large number of cases—

twenty-two, it is said, but we will not vouch for the exact number—sentences of court-martial at West Point have been set aside by the War Department on the demand of 'men inside politics,' and the culprits sent back to their duty. This abuse has been perpetrated, as might have been expected, notably in the interest of liars." The *Post* was also rash in saying that only fifteen such cases had occurred, and that only two were those of liars. The official report shows that in twenty-two cases of dismissal by court-martial between 1861 and 1870, the sentence has been either wholly remitted by the Secretary, or suspended or commuted. Two of these cases were direct lying, and two were deception by sharp practices—in other words, practical lying. In short, almost twenty-five per cent. of the sentences were inflicted for falsehood—a very fair proportion—and were all set aside, which leaves perfectly justifiable the general conclusion that a liar *quâ* liar cannot be turned out of the Academy. Between 1865 and 1870, seven cadets were suspended by sentence of court-martial; of these, six had the sentence commuted or remitted by the Secretary, and one got a mitigation from the President. We may add that the fact, which has been revealed in evidence, that Cadet Grant occasionally tried to get his fellows out of scrapes by appeals to the President, shows that the President, though he did not attend to the young man's very improper petitions, let slip an opportunity of giving him a stinging and very valuable rebuke.

Our mention of Mr. Motley's manner of parting his hair as one of the alleged reasons for the President's dislike and distrust of him has given rise to a good deal of discussion. The *Springfield Republican* took a severe view of the matter, and rebuked us, more in sorrow than in anger, for giving currency to such wretched gossip, as if a tolerably well authenticated reason for the dismissal of an ambassador from an important post could ever be a paltry or trivial matter. Other papers have taken up the subject, we are glad to say, in a much broader as well as more charitable spirit; and, so far as we have followed the discussion, it has fully supported us in the belief that, on the question of the proper place to part the hair in the case of men, public opinion is divided by a line which may be roughly said to start from the eastern extremity of Lake Erie, and run due south—much the same line, in short, which, according to Mr. B. F. Butler, divided opinion upon the question of paying the bonds in greenbacks. The West, in short, is in favor of a side-parting as the only one worthy of a manly man and good Republican; while at the East, if the side-parting also has its advocates, and the middle-parting its enemies, it is generally admitted that the matter is one of individual taste. One Southern paper has very properly pointed out that some of the greatest men of modern times, Milton, Prince Rupert, Hampden, and Bolingbroke, parted their hair in the middle. It might have gone further, and alleged that the middle-parting is the natural one. The side-parting is artificial. This view is strengthened by Mr. Darwin's remark that such of the monkeys as have long hair on their heads—and he maintains that they all have a certain relation to man—the *Macacus radiatus*, for instance—part it in the middle. Those who maintain that it is of absolutely no consequence where an American minister parts his hair must, if honest, have forgotten the amount of discussion which some of our ablest statesmen have bestowed on his breeches and coats. The arrangement of the hair is part of the attire, and if the middle-parting really indicate a want of thorough sympathy with American institutions, or a low view of man's destiny, we certainly ought not to be represented by any person who uses it. Our own opinion we reserve till we can base it on wider and more careful observation.

The French National Assembly opened its regular deliberations on Wednesday, February 15, with the verification of the elections of its members. The electoral reports from Alsace and Lorraine were received with demonstrations of sympathy. On the following day, the Assembly, by an almost unanimous vote—only nineteen out of five hundred and thirty-eight members dissenting—elected for its president M. Grévy, a staunch Liberal and moderate Republican, combatant of 1830, and Vice-President of the Constituent Assembly of 1848, whose election and re-election in the Department of Jura, as member of the Corps Législatif, within the last years of the Bonapartist rule, were

considered heavy blows at the Second Empire. His present choice thus appears in the light of an almost unanimous demonstration against the Empire, in which the desire of the Orleanists to conciliate the Republicans played a part. On the 17th, Grévy assumed the presidency, and four vice-presidents were chosen; among them Benoist d'Azy and Vitet, conservative Vice-Presidents of the Legislative Assembly of 1851, in which capacity they presided over the last sitting of that body on the day of the *coup d'état*, and first affixed their names to the decree of *déchéance* and impeachment for high treason launched against Louis Napoleon. The vote for vice-presidents was a decided victory of the Monarchists, and was followed by violent recriminations between Conservative and Republican members.

In the same sitting, M. Keller, a deputy from Alsace, presented a declaration signed by the representatives of Haut and Bas-Rhin, Meurthe, and Moselle, protesting against the threatened severance of these departments from France. The declaration was referred to a committee, which, in words expressive of lively sympathy, reported it back to the Assembly, and recommended it to the attention of the French negotiators for peace. The Assembly then proceeded to vote on a resolution presented by Dufaure, Malleville, Vitet, and Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire, conferring upon M. Thiers the dignity of Chief Executive of the French Republic, pending the decision of France upon her definitive institutions, with power to appoint his Cabinet. The result of the ballot was an almost unanimous vote in favor of the resolution, which shows how fully all parties are convinced, all manifestations to the contrary notwithstanding, of the necessity of an immediate conclusion of peace and of postponing the fundamental reorganization of the country. Keller, however, again adjured his colleagues to declare by resolution against the cession of Alsatian or Lotharingian territory. The Assembly seemed disposed to delay the consideration of the subject, but Thiers, naturally enough in his new position, insisted upon an immediate and unequivocal declaration by the Assembly, "on its own responsibility," of its wishes on this momentous subject. The Assembly went into committee on Keller's motion, but the result of its discussions has, of course, not been made public.

The new Executive was unhesitatingly recognized as such by the ambassadors of England, Austria, and Italy, and his recognition on the part of Russia is expected to follow. On the 18th, he constituted his Cabinet, composed, in the main, of well-known Orleanists and moderate Republicans, as follows: Favre, Foreign Affairs; Buffet, Finance; Dufaure, Justice; Simon, Public Instruction; Picard, Interior; Lambrecht, Commerce; General Leflô, War; Admiral Pothuau, Navy; Larcy, Public Works. This Cabinet embodies a coalition, both natural and wise under the circumstances, of the liberal Monarchists with the practical wing of the Republican party, against Legitimists, Clericals, and Bonapartists on the one side, and radical Republicans and Socialists on the other, with the distinct understanding of making peace first, restoring order next, and then submitting the decision as to the permanent form of government to a general vote of the nation, through its Assembly or a *plébiscite*. Should the political parties represented in the Cabinet remain firmly united against all opponents, their common success could hardly be doubted, as they unquestionably represent the great majority of the leading portion of the French people.

In the sitting of the 19th, Thiers addressed the Assembly in his capacity of Chief Executive, dwelling on the distress caused by the war and the necessity of peace, but promising to discuss courageously with the Prussians the terms of peace, and to purchase none with the dishonor of France. Acting on a proposal by the Government, the Assembly then resolved to send a commission of fifteen members to Paris, to act as intermediary between itself and the peace negotiators. Thiers then recommended the suspension of its sittings during the negotiations, and on the same evening left for Paris, together with his ministers, Favre and Picard. What conditions of peace "consistent with the honor of France" Thiers may still hope to receive, we are not told, nor do we believe he can receive any which France will recognize as such.

SALARIES.

THE Constitution of the United States wisely provides that the members of the national judiciary shall "receive for their services a compensation, which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office." That compensation was fixed at the very modest amount at which it has stood until this winter, in the year 1855. In spite of the provision quoted, since 1861 the salaries of the judiciary have been diminished, both directly and indirectly, by the immediate action of the national Congress. While the income tax acted as a direct curtailment, just as much as if so much salary had been docked off, the issue of a depreciated currency further diminished what was left by an amount exactly equal to the always fluctuating premium on gold. It is safe, therefore, to say that, in direct and indirect violation of a constitutional provision, the members of the national judiciary have been deprived during the last ten years of, upon an average, not less than 33 per cent. of their at best inadequate compensation.

Under these circumstances, it has certainly been rather disheartening, during recent debates, to hear of members of Congress from New England, and even from Massachusetts—men who ought to know better—meeting a proposal to remove this stigma of meanness, if not fraud, from the record of a great people by the usual cant of demagogues with which we are very familiar in respect to such topics. Every one has listened to it until the gorge rises with disgust at a mere reference to the subject. "It is no time to raise salaries when the price of everything is falling"—as if prices were not twice as high as when the salaries were fixed. "Large salaries are undemocratic," or "unrepublican," is now the more popular form of expression; as if it was not more "unrepublican" to cheat servants out of their wages. If a private person—Mr. A. T. Stewart, for instance—were so to pay a very responsible and lifelong employee, who served him from a sense of attachment, that his children, after his death at his work, were left in absolute want, few people would say that Mr. Stewart was a model man of business. This is exactly what the nation has done as regards a Chief-Justice of the United States. The last and clinching argument in favor of under-paying officials is, that no difficulty is experienced in filling the situations at existing wages. This, undoubtedly, is very true. It is also true that if these salaries were reduced fifty per cent., there would be still less difficulty in filling vacancies; if they were reduced yet another half of the remainder, the difficulty would be still smaller; and, finally, if they were brought down to a laborer's day wages, there would be least difficulty of all, inasmuch as all the laborers in the country would be applicants for them. The lower an official salary is, except in the few cases where an extreme honor and dignity attaches to the position, the larger is the class of persons who are eager for it, and the less are they qualified to earn it. Our great corporations have long since learned this. They know perfectly well that \$25,000 men are rare, and always hard to be secured; \$15,000 men are always to be had; \$10,000 men are common enough; and as to men worth in the market the late salary of a Chief-Justice, they are as plenty as the dried leaves in autumn. Below this the competition far exceeds the demand; among \$3,000 men any corporation has but to pick and choose. Meanwhile, our political communities go on canting about "democratic" salaries, and meanly asking high public officials to accept a modicum of honor in lieu of a competence.

An admirable illustration of this penny-wise and pound-foolish spirit has recently been afforded in Illinois. The legislature of that State is profoundly exercised by the railroad problem which the new constitution has devolved upon its hands. The popular voice insists on something being done, but no one has the least conception of what is the correct thing to do. This is not unnatural. The State has no statistics, no returns, no treatises, and no men who have made a study of the subject. It has neither the materials to use, nor any one competent to use them. Under these circumstances, the legislature shows some disposition to half-do the wisest thing it, under the circumstances, could do. It proposes to content itself with a minimum of crude legislation, and to turn the whole task of maturing some scientific action over to a small body of salaried and permanent commissioners. So far, it is well. The next thing is to secure at least one competent man on this commission; of course, more than one can hardly be expected,

and that one should be forthcoming is not probable. It is well to consider the task which this one man will have before him; that understood, the market value of such a man will better enable us to appreciate the probability that the State of Illinois will secure his services at the rate it seems inclined to offer for them.

Illinois is, as every one knows, *par excellence* the railroad State of the Union—its railroads created it, and with its railroads its whole future is indissolubly bound up. Through it pass all the greatest railroad combinations of the country, and very many of them centre and make their headquarters at Chicago. It is difficult to exaggerate the size and consequent wealth and influence of these corporations; the figures which should convey an idea of these things are so multiplied that the mind fails to grasp them. For instance, in one single depot in Chicago, and under one roof, are centred 2,000 miles of track, represented by over \$20,000,000 of annual income. Eight roads could be named, all centring in Chicago, which own or work upon an average 700 miles of road each, and, likewise on the average, earn considerably over \$8,000,000 each per annum. There are in the State considerably over 4,000 miles of road, the annual income from which is estimated at little, if anything, short of \$50,000,000. So far as the community is concerned, the corporations may now be said to be almost absolutely irresponsible, as regards the methods in which they may see fit to levy this very considerable sum. Competition, so far as it makes itself felt, and a regard for their own interests, are the only controlling influences; beyond these, the privilege of levying the \$50,000,000 per annum is wholly unrestricted.

How to deal with these enormous corporations is now the great problem before the people of Illinois. A whole policy is to be originated, absolutely to be created out of nothing, or, even worse than that, to be re-created out of reluctant and hostile elements. He is a bold man who will even undertake the task; the man who will carry it successfully through must, in addition to being a very bold man, be also a very brilliant one. He must, in fact, possess about all the qualities which bear the highest value in the labor market of the world. He must have tact and firmness and temper; he must have prodigious powers of application and origination; he must know himself, and know his opponents; he must be prepared at any moment to be ejected from office in contumely, and he must be heedless of disappointment and discouragement. In fact, he must be just such a man as any dozen corporations in the country would be glad to secure on the salary of the President of the United States.

That which is expected of this man or these men is to originate a policy. The office of a judge or a governor is one comparatively easy to fill. The duties are well defined, the precedents are well established; with average abilities and fair labor any man may, in those positions, earn a fair if not a great reputation, without incurring an undue risk of failure. The present case is different. The Legislature of Illinois has sat down in blank despair before a novel problem—how to take the first step towards solving it, it knows not; and yet its solution involves everything to the State—it involves political purity and financial success; it cannot well be measured in money, unless we suppose a relief from ten or fifteen millions of annual taxation. It is, therefore, very singular to observe the money value which the Legislature of Illinois sets upon the services of these men who are thus to represent the State in controversy with the railroad potentates—the ablest, the richest, and often the most unscrupulous men in the country. We quote from a Chicago paper extracts from the debate in the Senate at Springfield on this point: "Mr. Washburne offered an amendment cutting down the salaries of the Commissioners from \$5,000 to \$3,000, and followed it with an economical speech, to the effect that no man would refuse to accept the office, no matter how small the salary, . . . and that the people could not stand this piling up of fees." . . . Mr. Richardson favored \$3,000, . . . the people wanted a cutting down, and they should have it in all things. . . . Mr. Fuller thought \$4,000 was sufficient, with the honor of the thing, to get good men. . . . After a long discussion, the sum was reduced to \$3,500."

We have then here the exact money value which an advanced State of the West sets upon the highest class of service, and we can form a very good guess as to the result of the struggle between the

\$3,500 men, representing the people, and the \$35,000 men, representing the corporations. Of course, the corporations will be successful, as they always have been. They know the value of success; they know that it involves millions; and to secure it they will not haggle over hundreds. It is very pretty and very refreshing, both in Washington and Springfield, to hear the representatives of the people talking of the "honor of the thing;" but what business, after all, has any community to levy services out of the public-spirited which it is not willing to pay for in the labor market of the world? Are the people of Illinois too poor or too mean to pay their officials, who are to represent them in transactions involving millions a year, more than the salaries of the third and fourth-rate subordinates of those with whom such transactions must take place? There would be no man fit for a day to represent in such capacity the interests of the State whom the corporations would not be glad to secure at four times the compensation.

There is, indeed, something singularly pitiable in that frame of mind in our public men which is always thus willing to place the nation in the position of a mendicant. The public servant must be one of two classes—a self-sacrificing patriot, or a thief. He must give to his country that which everywhere else commands a higher price, or he must pay himself in unpermitted ways. The system of meagre and inadequate salaries is the great and fruitful progenitor of fees and pickings and perquisites. The New York Custom-House is a superb specimen of this vicious system elevated to a science. But, of course, the answer is reiterated that the offices are easily filled—that applicants swarm at the present rates of compensation; to which we can but again and again reply that they certainly do, and a sorry tribe they are. So would they also swarm if you reduced your salaries one-half; and the further you reduced them, the more they would swarm, and the sorrier and the less competent would they become. After all, even when serving republics, the laborer is worthy of his hire; the Chief Justice of the United States should not for so many years have been rated so far in value below a Broadway salesman.

THE HISTORY OF THE NAVAL STAFF QUESTION.

THERE is just now a good deal of discussion at Washington, kept alive elsewhere by occasional articles in the daily papers, upon a subject which, considering its real importance, is surprisingly ill-understood—namely, the reorganization of the navy, more commonly called the "Staff Question." Mainly because the discussion relates to a "specialty," and is therefore gladly left for argument and settlement to those specially concerned, and partly because of the ill-advised efforts of too zealous advocates who rush into print on either side, the real matter at issue has been lost sight of in a fog of side-issues and technicalities, until the interested public has been narrowed down to the small number whose relatives and friends are directly affected by the present status of the navy, which a part of them desires to change. Yet, if it is worth while to have a navy at all, it is worth while to see that it be efficient; and the smaller the number of ships and officers to which it is reduced, the more important becomes the state of efficiency and readiness in which it is maintained. No doubt, small quarrels and petty conflicts of authority and precedence will inevitably and frequently occur among gentlemen whose bile is daily stirred up and temper soured by the discomforts and confinement of sea voyages, and the public has very sensibly ceased to take much interest in naval squabbles. But the resent dispute really appears to be rooted too deeply to be lightly disregarded. On shore as well as at sea, and during more than two years, the division has been growing wider and deeper; and it is persistently alleged that, unless certain points are settled definitely by law, and no longer left to the elastic rules of usage and precedent, the efficiency of the service will be seriously impaired, while its internal harmony can now scarcely be said to exist at all. These points of issue are between the line officers and those of the staff, the latter being inclusive of surgeons, paymasters, and engineers; and can scarcely be made intelligible without a brief explanation.

The functionaries of a man-of-war are, first, the commanding officer; second, an "executive officer," or first lieutenant, who executes the

orders of the commander, and should not originate any orders himself. This officer presides in the ward-room, and is supposed to exercise general supervision over all departments of the ship. Officers desiring to leave the ship or to communicate with the captain, whatever their nominal rank or length of service, must first ask the "executive's" permission; all reports to the captain must be first presented to him; and, in fine, he stands between the commander and all others on board, and, by special regulation, takes precedence of all staff-officers. Next in rank among line officers is the navigator, who performs the duties indicated by his title, which on merchant vessels belong to the captain; and below him are four or more watch-officers, who take the charge of the deck in turn for four hours at a time. Of the staff there are a surgeon, paymaster, and engineer, and on large vessels an assistant surgeon and one or more assistant engineers.

Previously to the late war, the highest rank known in the navy was that of post-captain, the title "commodore" being given, by courtesy only, to the senior captain commanding a squadron or fleet; and a staff-officer, after due length of service, might attain to the rank of commander, the second grade then existing. The dispute now raging was then unknown, for the reason, as the staff allege, that, promotion being very slow, officers of the line were not advanced to positions of power and command until they had thoroughly mastered the details of their duties, and had learned by experience to recognize the responsibilities of others as well as their own. The "grey-haired lieutenant" who was first officer in those days (the term "executive" is of recent growth), although perhaps no classical scholar, had appreciated the application of Menenius Agrippa's fable long before he had attained to that position of authority; and a courtesy which left the authority unfelt, and its exercise unneeded, was then as constantly the rule as we are compelled to believe that it is now the exception. The staff contend, moreover, that in the earlier days of the navy the first lieutenant was really what he purported to be, the executor of the orders of the captain, and not, as now, an independent authority, resenting as "interference" any personal action of the commander concerning the details of ship management, and as "insubordination" all efforts of staff-officers to improve the condition and efficiency of their respective departments.

When the enlargement of the navy consequent upon the war rendered it desirable to create the additional grades of commodore, rear-admiral, vice-admiral, and admiral, there was no corresponding advance in the staff grades until Mr. Welles, in 1863, by a general order, raised their possible rank to that "with" captain, granting the chiefs of the several bureaus the "assimilated" rank of commodore. With this they were content, although varying interpretations of the word "assimilated" began early to be a *casus belli*, more or less suppressed by the common danger and consequent nearer fellowship of the war. But in 1869, Mr. Borie's General Order No. 120 was promulgated, reducing all staff-officers to their status of 1846, and additional regulations were issued, confirming in many ways the supremacy of line officers, even the very youngest, over all the staff. Meanwhile, promotions among the line officers, especially in the lower grades, became so rapid that the midshipmen who made their first real voyage in the fall of 1867 have returned as lieutenants, having been promoted through the successive grades of ensign and master; while the surgeons, paymasters, and engineers who sailed with them, of the "assimilated" rank of commander, returned with that of lieutenant. Not unnaturally, such a change has produced anything but a pleasant state of feeling—a state of feeling to which it is very desirable to put an end.

In support of the present condition of affairs, the line officers contend that efficiency requires rigid discipline, which implies absolute, irresponsible command on the one hand, and unqualified obedience on the other; that such power of command must reside in the captain and in his representatives, whatever their nominal rank; and that such representatives are the executive officer and the officer of the deck for the time being. Should staff-officers be allowed actual rank—say the line—circumstances might frequently arise in which they would be entitled to command the ship, a sphere of duty for which they are totally unfitted by education. Moreover, they maintain that, for the proper maintenance of discipline, a superiority of their own, as the governing class and

essentially the navy, must be acknowledged, particularly by those whom they delight in calling "the auxiliary officers" of the navy.

The staff, on the other hand, claim to understand best the details of the management of their several departments, and state that, under the present system, the efficiency of the service is frequently and seriously impaired by unwarrantable and petty interferences on the part of young and subordinate line officers. They therefore ask for the control of their respective departments, subject only, though entirely, to the captain of the ship. They demand, to this end, and as the only practical remedy, actual rank (but expressly disclaim the right of command in the line, or outside of their several specialties) and the right to quarters in the cabin. With this rank they ask for the dignities, immunities, and privileges which it conveys to the line, with the exceptions above-mentioned; and that the precedence of the executive officers over themselves be limited, as in the line, to cases in which he is senior in lineal rank, or by date of commission. These demands have been embodied in the Stevens Bill, which is now pending in the Senate.

The result of the present state of uncertainty is certainly bad, and calls for a remedy. The naval service has become a house divided against itself, to the point of almost absolute non-intercourse. Officers go to sea bristling with jealous watchfulness of each other's actions, and ready constantly to seize upon the first pretext for a dispute. Reports, based often upon the most trivial grounds, are more frequent than in a young ladies' boarding-school; and, from such a state of feeling, delays, want of *esprit de corps*, and occasionally positive public damage have resulted. In the medical corps, for example, although an examining board is constantly in session, there are to-day over fifty vacancies, and when, in a profession notoriously so overcrowded as the medical, not so many can be found able to pass the moderate examination, and willing to accept a position which should be honorable, there follows a strong presumption that the alleged injustice to staff-officers has good foundation in fact. The medical profession, indeed, has taken up the cudgels actively, and there is now scarcely a medical association in the country which has not passed resolutions calling for legislation in this matter, and, so far, discouraging capable physicians from offering themselves as doctors in our national vessels.

In support of their assertion, that actual rank will prove a sufficient remedy for the hardships and hindrances which they suffer, the staff-officers point to the well-known success of the staff organization in the army, where the provisions of the Stevens Bill have been long in practical operation. The efficiency of the Army Medical Department has really been a wonder to the scientific world in general. Its circulars are accepted as the best of authorities in Europe as well as at home, and it has become a legitimate source of pride to every American who knows its history and values the true honor of his country. If this great success and acknowledged superiority be, as alleged, the result of independence of action and of freedom from the control of those not experts in medical and surgical matters, doubtless the instance is well chosen and applicable.

Or take the case of the paymasters: the cost to the Government of disbursing its money, including the pay of officers' transportation and defalcations—much noise has been made about this and that notorious case of embezzlement—was less than one-sixteenth of one per cent.—a fact showing, as the advocates of the Civil Service Bill have well said, that the surest protection to the Government against the dishonesty of its officials is to be found by making its offices permanent and respectable, thereby attracting a class of men so high as to be above the commoner temptations to fraud. Concerning the army system, Gen. Sherman writes to Admiral Porter that it "works very well in practice," and such is the testimony of army officers generally.

It appears, also, that in other countries this distinction which staff-officers find it so hard to endure does not exist. In the Russian navy, for example, they attain to the highest rank (general admiral); in the British and Spanish to that of vice-admiral; in the French and Austrian to rear-admiral, without impairing either efficiency or discipline.

There are at least two facts to be deduced from the mass of contradictory statements on both sides of this quarrel. One is, that the staff-officers of the navy are quite convinced that they are unjustly treated, and are clear as to the remedy: and the other is, that this remedy has

the merit of being no new or untried experiment, but a plan which has worked well in practice; in the United States army and in the navies of other countries. Its merits must be decided by Congress, since every effort to settle the question by means of mixed boards, and by reference to those most thoroughly cognizant of the circumstances, has resulted in a strictly party division and no agreement upon essential points. Certainly the picture which has been presented of the aged fleet-surgeon or paymaster asking the executive officer, not born when he entered the service, "for permission to go on shore," reporting to the beardless ensign pacing the quarter-deck that he has "permission to leave the ship," and then waiting for a still lesser youngster to take command of the boat which is to convey him ashore, manifests an inherent absurdity, which is yet the necessary result of existing laws and regulations. Or think of a competent surgeon condemned by a naval court-martial for declining to take a man off the sick-list and declaring him too ill for duty, when a certain line officer—who had disabled the man by punishment—demanded that the surgeon should report him well.

The subject is of more importance than it seems, for few of those who remain at home are aware to how great an extent foreign ideas of Americans, particularly outside of Europe, are based upon the demeanor, attainments, and ability of the officers of the navy. Aside from the undoubted necessities of war, it is a matter of considerable importance to this country that, at least until the diplomatic service can be set upon a more creditable footing, the navy should be so constructed and directed as to attract the best attainable material into both staff and line corps. And in no way can this be better effected than by at least equalizing the status of professional men on board ship with that which they would occupy in the military service on shore.

Much, if not most, of the trouble now existing is to be attributed to the introduction of equivocal terms, such as "assimilated rank," admitting of various constructions according to the whim or prejudice of different officers, and it is to be hoped that the subject will not only be fully discussed in Congress, but finally settled by a plain and intelligible enactment.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Feb. 3, 1871.

THERE is, for I feel as though it were right to remind your readers of the fact, a country known as England. It occupies, it is true, a very subordinate place in the affairs of the world at the present moment. In London, one would suppose that it should excite as much interest as anywhere; but for some time past, I have scarcely heard the name mentioned. The exorbitant demands reported to have been put forward by Prussia, in regard to the French navy and colonies, have reminded us that there is an insignificant island more or less directly concerned in the result; but we can spare little attention to such trifles from the absorbing news of the moment. Paris is the one word upon everybody's lips, and I must descend into the obscure corners of newspapers or collect gossip of the most insignificant character, in order to find raw materials for a correspondent's letter. I fancy that I have made this excuse once or twice before; and a dim recollection occurs to me that I promised not to make it again. If so, I can only apologize, and add my sincerest hopes that the excuse will soon cease to have any validity.

One topic has recently come up upon which it seems necessary to say a few words. The members of Parliament who have recently been addressing their constituencies have developed a certain prejudice in unsuspected strength. To judge from the "interpellations" addressed to them, it would seem that the British constituent has suddenly become possessed with a certain fixed idea. He is indignant at the thought that Parliament should be asked to pay a dowry to the Princess Louise on her marriage with the Marquis of Lorne. Members for some of the more radical constituencies have pledged themselves to vote against the proposal; and I presume that we shall have some kind of discussion, in which Prof. Fawcett and a few of his friends will make a few speeches, very unpopular in the House, but considered by a certain class as proofs of patriotism and public spirit, and that the number of true believers who follow him into the lobby will be exceedingly small. The matter has been argued very seriously in the leading journals, which are, of course, in favor of the dowry. It has been urged, for example, that Parliament having assumed the management of the crown property, in return for a certain stipulated

sum, is equitably bound to do what the Queen might otherwise have done for herself. The simpler and, to my mind, more cogent argument is that so long as we keep up the monarchy, we ought to keep it up handsomely; that cavilling at perquisites and haggling over the terms on which we get a Princess taken off our hands is a rather unworthy method of beginning an agitation; and in short, that if any large number of persons are converts to republicanism, they had better say so openly instead of appealing by indirect methods to the lurking stinginess of the British public.

Does the agitation, then, really indicate a growth of a republican sentiment? I do not believe in anything of the kind. A little fuss was made in the papers recently over a "republican club" which had been founded amongst the university dons at Cambridge. All sorts of absurd stories were told about it; but the real truth of the matter was simply this, that half-a-dozen fellows of colleges agreed to have a cheap dinner together at fixed intervals, and, being of ultra-radical views, chose to call themselves republican. Everybody knows that there are a good many strong radicals amongst the younger authorities at the universities; and, so far, there was nothing surprising; but the notion that they were forming a society for the propagation of their creed, or that they had any precise creed to propagate, was totally without foundation. Nor do I believe that there is anywhere much republican sentiment, except in a latent condition. The fact, however, is, and many other circumstances might be mentioned to prove it, that the personal popularity of the royal family has exceedingly diminished. A few years ago the mention of the Queen's name was certain to provoke a genuine outburst of enthusiasm. Now it is received with considerable calmness; and there is still less zeal on behalf of the younger members of the family. A constitutional sovereign who will not take the trouble to put herself in evidence, and a Prince of Wales who is seldom heard of except in connection with the shooting of partridges, drop easily into a very insignificant position. And when it is proposed to give a large sum for the dowry of a Princess, there is a certain degree of irritation on the part of sulky radicals, and still more on the part of small tradesmen, who hold that the first duty of a sovereign is to run up large bills at as many shops as possible. Under easily conceivable circumstances, such a state of feeling might have serious consequences; but at present I should hardly mention it, were it not for the comments which have been put forward in a good many quarters.

The recently elected school-boards are beginning to contribute more or less decidedly to our amusement. The worst symptom about them is that the religious sects seem to be doing their best to stir up a jealousy which will be dangerous to the efficiency of the system. The effect of the plural vote has been to secure a representation of small minorities, rather, as some people fancy, to the exclusion of majorities from a fair preponderance of power. At any rate, it has contributed to the development of the feeling of which I have spoken. Thus, for example, the London School-Board had a long and disagreeable talk the other day upon a proposal made by some of the dissenting ministers to open the proceedings with prayer. Nobody would of course object to any number of individual members meeting together and praying as earnestly as the spirit might move them. It was desired, however, that the Board should in some way make provision for praying in its official capacity. Perhaps the most distinguished member is Prof. Huxley, who, if I am not mistaken, took part in a controversy which raged some time ago in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with the view of showing that prayer was altogether an unphilosophical proceeding. The debate was, therefore, calculated to produce a very unpleasant and undesirable discussion. The Board, I am glad to say, had the good sense to get rid of the objectionable proposal by an indefinite adjournment; and nobody will be troubled to devise a form of prayer in which every religious sect known to England, including sects which would not in popular parlance be called religious at all, might take part without offence. We are not without symptoms that the spirit of which this is a trifling indication, may provoke discussions equally irritating and of greater intrinsic importance. The wide discretion left by the act of last session to the local authorities gives ample opportunity for very vigorous party fights over religious questions. The motion just noticed looks rather like the preliminary trailing of an Irishman's coat through Donnybrook Fair; but I still believe that the good sense displayed in avoiding the challenge on this occasion, will be exhibited in more important matters; and, at the worst, the act will have done infinite service in stirring up the popular attention to so important a subject. From every part of the country we hear of school-board elections, which everywhere excite a deep interest, and there is an apparent determination to put the powers conferred by the act into vigorous operation. There is a novelty to the

English mind in the very notion of any public body taking the initiative in making due educational provision for the wants of the people; and it is satisfactory to observe that, having got hold of the idea, it seems to be grasping it with considerable tenacity.

And, now, what shall I tell you more? That we have had a winter harder than has been known for years, and that, in the intervals of downright freezing, the weather has passed through more phases of detestable combinations of fog, rain, and raw wind, than the mind of man could have invented? That the small-pox has been breaking out with unusual violence, and that we are all going off in a panic to be vaccinated? That we have had an unusual abundance of ingeniously contrived railway accidents? That pauperism, which had slightly declined in the metropolis, has risen to its old limits under the influence of the severe weather? That we are all a little out of temper in consequence of these various annoyances and the still more serious causes of melancholy which influence us from beyond the sea? I do not know that any of those topics will bear any prolonged treatment, as they are all rather depressing in themselves. I will therefore confine myself to the comparatively cheerful statement that we are going to have one of those exhibitions of things in general which have done so much, since 1851, to promote a pacific spirit, and, indeed, to render wars impossible. Long galleries in brick are extending themselves down the piece of ground at South Kensington bought from the proceeds of the great exhibition of 1851. The huge dome which rises between them, known to the gods as the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences, but to men as the Hall of Omniscience, is all but finished. The biggest organ in the habitable globe is erected beneath its roof, and will be worked by steam-engines of I know not how many horse-power. Its music will be discoursed to the largest audiences that can be gathered together under any roof within this metropolis. Some grand ceremony of inauguration will take place in April; and we shall listen once more to demonstrations of the mode in which large temporary bazaars promote peace and good-will amongst mankind. On this occasion, it is true, the scope of the exhibition is to be more limited than of old. Instead of including every object that has ever been manufactured by mankind, there will be only a few select classes. I presume that the expectations to which assurance will be given will be proportionally limited; and that the foreigners who resort to our stalls for the purpose of inspecting pottery, educational inventions, and textile fabrics (if my memory serves me right) will be in a sober frame of mind. The Continent, however, will not be a very lively place for some time to come, and the attractions provided by Mr. Cole's enterprise in London will have little to rival them elsewhere, unless indeed people prefer to see the terrible scars left by the war on what was so lately the most generally attractive centre of European travel.

Correspondence.

ANOTHER DEFENCE OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Sympathizing as I do in your efforts to reform the Civil Service, and coinciding in the general editorial management of the *Nation*, I have frequently been tempted to correct what to me seem erroneous views as to the manner in which this desirable reform can be achieved; and as I am addressing you, who have thought much upon the subject, and an audience educated by you, I can afford to be brief.

First. A ten years' experience in the Civil Service (Treasury Department) has convinced me that *earnest political convictions* are essential to the success of the executive service; and that it is in proportion that political qualifications have been subordinated that the civil service has fallen into decay. Surely, sir, in a land where it is the *solemn duty* of each and every citizen to assist in the government of the country, the ability to think politically ought not to be made a disqualification. You would not admit that you yourself should be excluded from the public service because you have well-defined opinions upon all political questions. I maintain that the only other bond except pure self-interest is the enthusiasm and earnestness with which the civil officer may be devoted to his country, and, as a means, to his party. That great Secretary, Chase, made the bulk of his appointments from young men who had made great sacrifices for the party, and who were capable, by pen and speech, of defending it; and, without an exception, these appointments were a success, giving vigor and power to the administration.

The difficulty is only this, that it is not easy to distinguish the demagogue

from the political thinker, and that men who have no administrative ability may be preferred over men who, in addition to executive ability, possess political talent. But statesmanship consists in the ability to separate the wheat from the chaff; and the head of a department who cannot distinguish between the *brassier* and the *thinker* will also be imposed upon no less if political activity is considered a disqualification.

Secondly. The head of a department, so far as the non-commissioned officers of the service are concerned, stands before the public *without a shield*, or a division of responsibility. He can appoint or dismiss at pleasure; and if we have inferior men in the service, it is owing, in part, to the fact that neither he nor any one can buy sufficient capacity to the creditable discharge of public business for \$1,200 to \$1,800 per year.

Lastly. I will only make one more observation. I think, as Eastern and European people are apt to, you overestimate the value of a mechanical examination. At present, our school education consists less in the formation of character than in the mechanical memorization of a number of facts. Without wishing to underrate the value of mental discipline or of extensive reading, there are yet qualities which escape the crucible of technical examinations. Judgment, power, industry, and devotion, as well as high integrity, are qualities which no competitive examination can adequately ascertain. Surely you would not deny to that brave old man, ex-Senator Wade, an honorable place in American history?—and yet there is not a sophomore in college to-day who does not speak more grammatically.

I am afraid that you are, unconsciously, I am sure, sharing in the prevailing tendency of our age to reform the world by means of machinery, by checks and balances nicely contrived. Reform is upon every lip; but it is so much easier to reform others than ourselves. It gains for the author so much greater renown to patent and advertise a reforming machine than to labor quietly and individually, that machines of all sorts are brought forward. Instead of regarding law as an adjunct, as something that should follow in the wake of reform to give it fixity and expression, it is now regarded as the active agent, which it is not, and can never be. Eight-hour laws, female suffrage, and divorce laws are only specimens of the general tendency.

If public sentiment, or, rather, if individual reformation were to demand of the Government a higher order of public servants, you would have them; but if you trust to law exclusively, you will be disappointed.

Very respectfully,

J. FRED. MEYERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 13, 1871.

[First. No sane person has, to our knowledge, maintained that "the ability to think politically ought to be made a disqualification" for the public service. What the advocates of civil service reform say is that under the present system a candidate's ability to think politically, or to do anything else decently, is not ascertained before appointment by any test whatever; and that even if the ability to think politically be not a *disqualification*, it ought not to be treated as the *only* qualification.

Secondly. The statement that a head of a department stands before the public "without a shield, or a division of responsibility, as far as the non-commissioned officers of the service are concerned," is not only incorrect, but—Mr. Meyers will excuse us for saying—so notoriously incorrect that his making it seems to indicate something very like contempt for the intelligence of his readers. It is almost as patent as the sun at noonday that the non-commissioned officers of the service are appointed on the *demand* of members of Congress; that their dismissal even for gross misconduct is treated by members of Congress as a personal offence; and that the patronage has in practice passed almost entirely out of the hands of the Executive. In fact, the head of a department has hardly any responsibility left him with regard to the great mass of his subordinates, and he has in this division of responsibility a ready shield. Mr. Meyers will find in the last number of the *North American Review* the testimony of a head of department on this subject.

Lastly. Nobody has ever said or insinuated that a competitive examination would reveal a candidate's "judgment, power, industry, and devotion." What we say is, that they would reveal *some* of a candidate's qualifications for office. The peculiarity of the present system is that men are appointed without being subjected to any test whatever, either as regards knowledge, judgment, power, or industry. Their "devotion," doubtless, is ascertained, but it is a kind of devotion which as often operates as a disqualification as a qualification, by

leading a man to neglect the particular duty which he is paid to perform. He may be a very "devoted" politician and a very worthless clerk. Mr. Meyers's protest against the use of machinery for purposes of reform is good, but covers too much ground. It would, if sound, forbid the testing of a man's qualifications for any position whatever. "Devotion" hardly qualifies a man to command a man-of-war, or take charge of an observatory, or to be a judge of the Supreme Court. It would, therefore, be absurd to talk of a law which provided that an admiral should understand navigation, or an engineer the steam-engine, or that a judge should know law, or a clerk should know arithmetic, or that all four should be temperate and of good moral character, and which prescribed tests for the ascertainment of these facts, as a "mere adjunct." Mr. Boutwell—Mr. Meyers's chief—said, in his last report, quite correctly, that the business of the Treasury resembled that of a bank. Now, fancy the following scene occurring in a bank:

(Enter the banker and a candidate for a clerkship.)

Banker.—You want to be a clerk, I understand? Have you ever filled a place in a bank before?

Clerk.—No, sir.

Banker.—Have you ever been in any commercial house?

Clerk.—No, sir.

Banker.—What has been your occupation?

Clerk.—I was for a short time a reporter on the *Oshkosh Sentinel*. After that I tried photographing; I then peddled hair-pins, and then lectured a little on temperance, and wrote advertisements for a drug-store; then published a campaign paper, and then canvassed for a horse insurance company, and then brought out a patent double-action tooth-pick. In the last Presidential canvass I stumped Poorcuss County for Grant, and have warm recommendations from Governor Fenton, Charley Spencer, Hank Smith, and Collector Murphy.

Banker.—Then you have absolutely no business experience whatever? Are you quick at figures?

Clerk.—No, sir; never could get hold of arithmetic.

Banker.—Then, what are your recommendations?

Clerk.—Well, my heart is in the right place. I am a friend of banking and banks. I believe the good they do in a great commercial country like ours is simply incalculable. What with their taking care of money for people who have no safe place to put it in, and lending it to others who will use it to develop our vast material resources, it is hard to say how we should get along without them. I think their accounts ought to be well kept, and admire people who can cast up a column of figures without a mistake. Every bank should contain a few such men. I may mention also that I am in favor of equal rights for all, and abhor caste.

Banker.—Well, I must tell you frankly, your own account of yourself is not very promising; but if you like to undergo an examination in arithmetic and book-keeping and, say, geography, and let me make enquiries about your character of persons who have known you outside politics, I am willing to give you a chance. We must have honest and competent men in our business, or else we should be ruined.

Clerk.—Ah! sir, you make a great mistake in wanting to examine me. I do not wish to underrate a knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping—happy are those who have it; but a man might have it in a very high degree, and yet be a very poor stick as regards judgment, power, industry, and devotion to your interests. The qualities of my soul, which are what I most pride myself on, you cannot get at in this way. There are scores of eminent men in the community who could not pass such an examination as you propose, and yet who are very valuable members of society. With regard to testimonials about my moral character, the fact is, you can trust nobody to give them honestly. Everybody lies and equivocates on this subject, just to save themselves trouble and annoyance. You know how it is yourself. So, if you take my advice, you won't do anything about it. All these devices for satisfying yourself about the honesty and competency of your employees, believe me, are delusive; they simply show that you share in the general love of "machinery" of reform. Be honest and upright yourself, and honest and upright clerks will rally round you without any of these invidious enquiries. You must rely on the general pro-

gress of society in morality for the character of your employees. Let the community be good, and your cash-box will always be safe.

We "must clear our heads of cant," as Dr. Johnson said on this subject. The community at large has, like the individuals of which it is composed, certain work to be done, which differs in no respect from the work carried on in banks, counting-houses, and stores, except in its vastness. It needs the same kind of machinery, and the same kind of qualities for its proper performance, and it ought to be done as cheaply, faithfully, and efficiently as possible. All talk about the need of "devotion" or "enthusiasm" in Government servants which is not needed in bankers' or manufacturers' servants, is simply cant concocted to cover up one of the greatest violations of all sound principles of administration ever witnessed.—ED. NATION.]

THE LICENSE OF THE PRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article upon the Field-Bowles controversy, you speak of its "arising out of some very unwarrantable gossip about Mr. Field, written from New York by a correspondent of the *Republican*, and of a kind in which its correspondents are apt to indulge."

Is this altogether consistent with your late praise of George Alfred Townsend, Donn Piatt, and another Washington correspondent, for fearless and independent criticism? I did not go out of my way to speak of Mr. Field, but my comments were in the course of a general sketch of the New York bar. The subject was certainly a proper one to treat; and in referring to Mr. Field, I could not avoid giving the current view of his standing. If my report of the latter is not correct, it might be called "unwarrantable," but as that has not been shown, I think I have a right to take exception to your criticism.

Yours very truly,

"CARLFRIED,"

New York Correspondent *Springfield Republican*.

New York, February 14, 1871.

[We think the rule in these matters is tolerably clear, and we have never approved of any violations of it, either in the case of Donn Piatt, George Alfred Townsend, or anybody else. It is this: A newspaper or newspaper correspondent may fairly comment upon or even "gossip" about so much of a man's sayings, or doings, or habits, as are sufficiently before the public to enable the public to judge of the fairness or accuracy of the criticisms on him or of the stories told about him. The speeches or general political action of a politician; the books or articles of a literary man; the professional career of a lawyer, in so far as it passes in open court; the decisions and demeanor of a judge on the bench; the sermons of a clergyman, are all fair game. Anybody who enters any of these callings, enters it under perfectly well-known conditions, and one of these is constant exposure to the animadversions of the public and the press; and this exposure, let us say, *pace* Mr. D. D. Field, is necessary to a healthy condition of society. There are abuses now, and the license of the press is amongst the worst; but they are bagatelles compared to those of the era of secrecy, silence, and irresponsibility. But it is not permissible to drag to light and comment on portions of a man's character or career, or incidents in his history, about which the public has no means of forming a judgment. An editor may say that Smith in his speech on the San Domingo question, as in all his speeches, makes a great ass of himself, because every reader has the means of estimating the value of this judgment on Smith's powers; or he may say that Brown behaved very unprofessionally in the trial of the Wilkins case, because the public can examine the Wilkins case if it likes. But he may not say that when Smith goes home from the Senate he abuses his wife, and goes to bed drunk, and that Brown takes a large amount of his fees in lottery tickets, and is notorious for cheating butchers, because about these things the public knows nothing and can learn nothing.

We are here putting the matter on what some people will call narrow and technical ground. We presume most editors and correspondents will claim a wider range than this for their investigations. Well, then, to these we say: If you will insist on invading what is called a man's privacy—that is, in dragging before the world a portion of his life which he, in the exercise of an undoubted right, keeps concealed—you are bound, at least, to spare his feelings to the utmost extent of your

power. This he may fairly claim of you as men, no matter what your tastes as journalists may be. Some persons do not dislike to have their private affairs revealed, or their personal characteristics described in the newspapers, but all dislike to have anything revealed which will put them before the public in an odious or ridiculous light. This peculiarity, a weakness if you will, they have a right to have respected. So, if you must look into their parlor windows, you are bound, if you report anything of what you see, to report only what will please your victim, or cause his fellows to think more highly of him. You are bound not to report what will pain him and lower him in the public estimation. You have no right to torture people for the entertainment of anybody, or for your own emolument. You may be grossly mistaken in what you say, or the reports you hear may be totally unfounded. Nevertheless, the person you assail may be a sensitive man, who in contradicting or refuting you will suffer positive agony.

We shall not here go into the effect of all this newspaper gossip on the public mind, morals, and manners. That is a large subject. We have no intention in saying all this of throwing any special blame on "Carlfried," who, as far as our observation has gone, manages to write a great deal that is interesting, with very few infringements of the rule. In the case of Mr. Field, he undeniably did infringe it; but the responsibility for such things rests largely with the editor of the paper for which the correspondent writes. Every correspondent is constantly and naturally tempted to overstep the limits of propriety in his eagerness to make his letters spicy. It is the duty of the editor who reads his productions calmly to see that he keeps within bounds, but this is a duty which many editors grossly neglect. Many of them, who pass for decent men, take into their pay unscrupulous wretches, and give them full swing in their columns; and an unscrupulous wretch, with but little education and little mind, and no manners, venting his private hates and spites and malignities on his enemies, bedaubing his friends and flatterers and benefactors with praise, through the columns of a newspaper, is as repulsive a sight as Christendom has to show, and we do not know one which reflects more discredit on our civilization.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

THE March number of the *Radical* contains the first instalment of a translation of "Goethe's Conversations with Chancellor von Müller" (which we lately reviewed), by the Rev. C. C. Shackford. We presume this is the first English version. When completed, it will be published in book-form.—Mr. Horace B. Fuller announces for publication, next month, "In the World," a sequel to "Battles at Home," by Mary G. Darling; and, in the spring, a new volume by the Rev. Robert Collyer.—Messrs. Gould & Lincoln will publish their usual "Annual of Scientific Discovery" on the 10th of March; it has been edited for this year by Profs. John Trowbridge and W. R. Nichols. The same firm have in press "The Life and Letters of Hugh Miller," by Peter Bayne, two volumes; "The Bremen Lectures on Fundamental, Living Religious Questions," translated by the Rev. Dr. Heagle; Dr. L. T. Schultze's "Of the Son of Man and of the Logos," translated by Dr. Alvah Hovey; and "The Puritans; or, The Court, Church, and Parliament of England during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth," by Samuel Hopkins, in three volumes.—Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in press "The History of Rome," by William Ihne.—Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. announce "Truth and Trust: Lessons of the War," by the late Dean Alford; "On the Ruins of the Second Empire," by a witness of its fall, Azamut-Batuk, the well-known correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and Lord Palmerston's "Diary of Two Visits to Paris in 1814 and 1815," discovered since his death among his papers.—A work of importance for merchants and all others who have frequent occasion to use the telegraph is Major Frank Bolton's "Telegraph Code" or Dictionary, designed to effect economy and secure accuracy and secrecy in the transmission of dispatches. It is a quarto of over 1,200 pages, and is sold only by subscription by the American publishers, Messrs. Francis B. Felt & Co., of this city, or their agents. The price is \$40.—Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, announce a Globe edition of Tennyson's Poems, including the latest and least of them, "The Window."—Messrs. Sever & Francis begin at once the republication of the "Catena Classicorum," edited by

Oxford and Cambridge men. They have in hand Thucydides (Books I. and II.), Demosthenes (Olynthians and Philippics), and Aristophanes (Acharnians and Knights).

—Yale College will have no reason to regret, and the general public only cause for congratulation, that the Rau library of Political Economy went to Ann Arbor. To the college the loss is more than replaced by a collection larger in extent and in scope—the library of Robert von Mohl, the distinguished writer on political science, for many years professor at the universities of Heidelberg and Tübingen, and now ambassador of Baden at Munich. The library contains some 6,000 volumes, distributed, in round numbers, as follows: 1. Political Encyclopedias, 150 vols.—2. General Theory of Politics and Social Science, 500 vols.—3. Public Law of Germany, England, France, United States, Switzerland, etc., etc., a careful selection of the principal works in this department, 1,500 vols. The Public Law of Germany is *complete*, so far as the constitution of Germany in the present century is concerned; quite sufficient for all scientific and practical purposes concerning the old German Empire and the constitution and administration of the separate German states. One rare series may be specified—the “Official Collection of the Proceedings of the German Diet” (Protocole des Deutschen Bundestages), 1817 to 1866, 1–3 vols. folio per annum, of which but 170 copies were printed, exclusively for Government use.—4. International Law, 300 vols.—5. Political Economy, in all its branches, particularly in its practical application to internal government, 2,000 vols.—6. Statistics, chiefly large official publications of different governments, 300 vols.—Important Works in Political History, in different branches of law, and a few of miscellaneous character, make up the balance of the collection. For the means of purchasing this library, which is now on the way to New Haven, the college is largely indebted to Mr. William Walter Phelps, of this city.

—The Library of the Boston Athenæum has just received a valuable work, published by the English Ordnance Survey Office, entitled “Facsimiles of National Manuscripts of Scotland, photozincographed by Sir H. James.” It is similar to the National Manuscripts of England, of which we have already spoken. Of course, it will not have for other than Scotchmen all the interest of its English predecessor, for, after all that Sir Walter Scott has done, English history is much more read, and English names much better known, than the Scottish. Vol. I. contains documents written between 900 and 1296, and is edited by the late Dr. Joseph Robertson. Vol. II. extends to 1488, and is edited by Cosmo Innes, author of “Scotland in the Middle Ages,” etc., who has prefixed an Introduction, written with more spirit than one usually finds in works of this sort. Among the most interesting documents are the patriotic letter of the Barons of Scotland to the Pope (1320), hung with a multitude of seals, and a charter (1282) of Devorgilla, mother of King John Balliol, and founder of Balliol College, Oxford, which gives considerable information on the character of education in her new college. This volume has the new feature of containing specimens of illustrations, which Mr. Innes gives because illustrations are rare in Scottish MSS. A third volume is in course of preparation.

—Prof. Agassiz, it has been recently announced, is preparing an illustrated work on the American Salmonide, including trout, salmon, and whitefish, of all which he is very desirous of obtaining live specimens, but will be thankful even for dead ones. They should be sent to him at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge, Mass., with full and distinct labels of names and locality. The service is one which may be rendered either for the sake of Prof. Agassiz himself, or of science, as embodied in the proposed work, or, finally, of the Museum, which the country owes to Agassiz’s untiring and unselfish industry, and which is the best nursery of natural science on this side of the Atlantic. Some remarkable statements were lately made by the Professor before a Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature (the committee on education) in regard both to the economy and the efficiency of the Museum. In it, he stated, are engaged twenty-six persons, all told, while the total income available for salaries, and for all other purposes, is but \$10,000. How the Museum could be run at such a figure was explained by reference to a list of private subscriptions:

“You will see that to the share of one individual goes \$6,000 for salaries at the Museum; to another, \$7,400 for salaries, and for the support of young men; and \$4,100 from the same source for material, and for the arrangement of collections. Constantly, when it would have been necessary to stop the work, private individuals have come and given largely and liberally. At one time a lady gave \$3,000, at another time \$2,000, at another time \$1,500, and so on. These donations, in money alone, including the grants of the State, amounted to \$473,000.”

Regarding the arrangement of the Museum as better, in consequence of its recent foundation, than that of European museums, Prof. Agassiz called attention to the opportunities of securing for America private collections abroad, “which are likely to be lost or scattered at the death of their owners, for the simple reason that the public institutions of Europe have similar collections; and another reason is, that those who have made these collections are not in particular favor with the government, which is very frequently the case.” He estimated the price for which they could be bought at \$300,000.

—Much has been said, and much more might well be said, if intelligent people who have knowledge of the facts would say it—about the murderer Ruloff, now lying in confinement at one of our State prisons under sentence of death. It is, to be sure, repeating newspaper talk, for the accuracy of which no one could safely vouch, but it is told of him, that up to the age of thirty or thereabouts he lived an inoffensive, scholarly life, pursuing linguistic and other studies with a great deal of eagerness and industry, and with results in some respects remarkable; though, doubtless, it would not be true to say that he pursued them with real success. We read, for instance, that while imprisoned in a New York penitentiary, he wrote some observations on a certain philological treatise, and that in these he quoted—necessarily from memory, but yet almost verbatim—page after page of several Greek authors; so that it would seem as if he had considerable learning, and possessed in a singular degree one, at least, of the philologist’s powers—retentiveness of memory. Furthermore, we are told that, having won the heart of his jailer, he was permitted to receive pupils in his cell, and that he there gave them excellent instruction in several languages. This first imprisonment of Ruloff’s has some other strange features besides the one just mentioned. As we have said, he is reported as having lived a blameless, studious life up to the age of about thirty. Then suddenly he came under suspicion of having committed a double murder, the victims being his wife and only child. Arrested on the charge of murder, he escaped the penalty of the capital offence, for there was no *corpus delicti*; and from that day to this not a trace of the woman or the child has been found. Somehow or other, we are not informed how, the charge of abducting his wife was made good against him, and he was sentenced to ten years’ imprisonment. Among the pupils whom he had during his incarceration was the son of his jailer, and if all is true that is told—as the Arabs say, “It is related (but God is all-knowing)”—Ruloff set himself deliberately to work to improve the intellect of the boy, and at the same time to corrupt thoroughly his moral nature and make of him an accomplished member of a school of robbers and murderers, of which he himself was the lawgiver and head. At all events, the boy did become a burglar and murderer, and a few months since he perished miserably in an excursion which he, in company with Ruloff and another professional robber, was making in the neighborhood of Binghamton, if we remember right, and which had for its object the robbery of a merchant’s safe in that town. This was Ruloff’s last excursion, and the last of the robberies of his two companions also, for there fell upon the three a punishment almost as swift and ghastly as falls upon the robbers in the old tales. The three dissolute ruffians of the terrifying story in which it is told how they went forth from their carousing to meet and fight with Death, of whom they had heard people talk, were hardly overtaken by a speedier or grimmer fate than overtook our robbers. The store was entered, and the pillaging had begun, when the burglars were attacked by two clerks, whose custom it was to sleep there. In the struggle that followed, one clerk was killed and the other wounded, as also was one of the thieves, and these latter fled, one of the younger ones carrying the other; but, in crossing the river, which was at that time much swollen, the wounded burglar and his companion were carried away by the flood, and Ruloff alone escaped alive. Suspicion falling upon him, he was arrested, tried, and condemned. We have not read the report of the trial, but it is stated that his conviction was secured by testimony which, curiously enough, his better-self might be said to have furnished against his worse. Apparently he was proud of his attainments, and constantly, when he could find any one to listen or any editor to print, used to ventilate his theories in linguistics. In an unlucky day, he found a certain editor who printed a certain essay of his, and it so happened that when he came to load the pistol with which afterwards the murder of the clerk was done, he took for wadding a piece of the newspaper that contained this production of his. Carelessness or, perhaps, tenderness for his literary offspring caused him to keep by him the printed copy of the essay; it was found in his room, and, at his trial, was used against him with fatal effect. Ruloff was not only a worker in the science of linguistics, he had studied

the law, and it has been said that he was a good lawyer, and that he has on some occasions had the effrontery to appear, and the ability to appear successfully, as counsel in New York courts where accomplices of his were upon trial. Here, again, it is, perhaps, as well to remember the Arabic exordium above quoted, and to wait till some competent hand shall give us a trustworthy account of a person whose character and course of life are of precisely the kind to excite the wonder of illiterate and unsagacious people, and to furnish the basis for stories full of the exaggerations of bewilderment and the vulgar love of the marvellous and mysterious.

—A year and a half ago we think it was that we received from Ruloff a printed circular, in which he set forth the fact that he had some sort of a method—we forget what—which, when applied to the study of linguistics, was to work we do not know what miracles, and the secret of which he would sell for five hundred thousand dollars. He intended, he said, to go before the American Philological Society, then on the point of meeting at Poughkeepsie, and see if he could not persuade it to give him the half-million. The half-million it was that he was going to try to get from the members of the Society, or else it was their approval of his method for which he was hoping—the latter, probably. A very wild lunatic, indeed, it would be who should hope to get five hundred thousand dollars from any assembly of the philologists of the United States. Our memory is at fault about the details of Ruloff's scheme, and even about its general scope; but we recollect very well that the circular seemed to us the production of a brain crazed—of a man whose fit home was in an asylum for the insane; and were we, in the present state of our knowledge concerning Ruloff, to order him to execution, we should be more than doubtful as to whether we were not killing a man out of his wits. And the testimony of his life, as recorded in the newspapers, appears to us confirmatory of the testimony which his philological circular afforded us. Whether or not there are better uses to which you can put a certain kind of man than are subserved by hanging him, Ruloff it would seem to be worth while to save for study and investigation. A more noteworthy case than his it would be hard to find in the annals of criminal law. Eugene Aram's is commonplace and simple and uninteresting in comparison.

—There is a German fable, in which the badger and the hare run a race, in parallel furrows of a ploughed field, the badger winning by the simple artifice of placing his wife—who exactly resembles him—at the farther end of his furrow, while he remains snugly at the starting-point. Singularly enough, the counterpart of this fable was current before the war among the negroes of South Carolina, and has been published in the *Riverside Magazine* (November, 1868; see, for the German story, the September number). It opens in this way ("couthah," we may explain, being negro for terrapin):

"Once upon a time Br. Deer and Br. Couthah was courtin', and de lady been lub Br. Deer more so dan Br. Couthah. She did been lub Br. Couthah, but she lub Br. Deer de mostest. So de nounge lady say to Br. Deer and Br. Couthah both, dey mus hab a ten mile race, and de one dat beats, she will marry him.

"So Br. Couthah say to Br. Deer: 'You has got longer legs dan I has, but I will run you. You run ten mile on land, an' I will run ten on water.'

"So Br. Couthah went and git nine of his fambly, and put one at ebery mile-post, and he himself, what was to run wid Br. Deer, was right in front of de nounge lady door, in de broom grass.

"Dat mornin', at nine o'clock, Br. Deer meet Br. Couthah at de first mile-post, wha dey was to start from. So he call, 'Well, Br. Couthah, is you ready? Go 'long.' As he git to de next mile-post, he say, 'Br. Couthah.' Br. Couthah say, 'Hullo!' Br. Deer say, 'You dere?' Br. Couthah say, 'Yes, Brudder, I dere too.'

"Next mile-post he jump, Br. Deer say, 'Hullo, Br. Couthah!' Br. Couthah say, 'Hullo, Br. Deer, you dere too?' Br. Deer say, 'Ki! it look you gwine for tie me. It look like we going to de gal tie.'

"When he git to de nine mile-post, he tought he git dere first, 'cause he mek two jump; so he holler, 'Br. Couthah.' Br. Couthah answer, 'You dere too?' Br. Deer say, 'It look like you gwine tie me.' Br. Couthah say, 'Go 'long, Brudder, I git dere in due season time.'

And so he does. At the end of the race Br. Deer "saw Br. Couthah in de piazza, had de nounge lady hooked hands, walking up and down." But now for what is curious indeed. Prof. C. F. Hartt, lately returned from the Amazons, contributes an article on the *Lingua Geral* of that region to the *Cornell Era* (Jan. 20). "At Santarem," he says, "I found an old Indian, Laurengo Maciel, whom I trained to dictate to me in *Lingua Geral*. . . and through his aid I made a considerable collection of fables and stories. . . There are some very curious stories told about the *Yauti*, or forest tortoise, who cheats the onça and tapir and other large animals." Of one of these, which is "of Mundurucú origin, but appears to

be generally current in the *Lingua Geral*," Professor Hartt gives a free translation—"How the Tortoise outran the Deer;" and, minus the peculiar humor and piquancy of the negro fable, it differs from the latter only in the object of the race. In the Indian fable, the "nounge lady" does not appear; it is purely a challenge of speed. The tortoise craftily chooses to run in the forest, while the deer runs in the path; and so great is the number of the tortoise's relations posted along the line of the course, that the deer runs himself to death from sheer fatigue.

—A sensible consolidation has taken place in England between the Anthropological and Ethnological Societies, whose fields were nearly identical, and which, therefore, had no good reason for keeping up separate organizations. The Anthropological Society was, intellectually speaking, the weaker of the two, and hence gains most by the alliance. Both ethnology and anthropology are to receive the attention of a new scientific periodical just started in Italy, encouraged, no doubt, by the establishment, within a year past, of the National Museum of Anthropology at Florence. We find in the *Gazzetta Medica Italiana (Lombardia)* of Jan. 14 a circular from Signor Mantegazza, the head of the Museum, requesting of physicians in all parts of the peninsula contributions to his collection of *crania Italica*—the total number of skulls, native and foreign, being already over five hundred. "Railroads," says the director, "and brotherly concord will soon melt in one crucible the blood and cranium of all the Italian races, and if we do not act promptly, we shall lose the opportunity of determining the ethnology (*fare l'etnologia*) of the modern Italians, rich and varied as it is." Inasmuch as German unity promises to obliterate distinctions in the same manner, a similar appeal in the *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* of Drs. Bastian and Hartmann would not be untimely; and by a sad fortune, the hospitals of Germany might now furnish large and valuable contributions to a national museum.

—We have received from Switzerland a letter, in which the writer says: "I am not of those Americans who found in French imperialism a never-failing theme for praise and adulation; but I fear that while one devil has gone out of the European household, the rooms are only being swept and garnished in order to receive, in the Prussian domination, seven devils worse than the first." Holding these views, and having observed in the *Nation* of December 29 a list of German pamphlets on Alsace and Lorraine—"disentombing," to use his language, "from the dust of centuries arguments for the assertion of brute force in the present day"—he sends us some advertisements from the *Journal de Genève*, of "brochures d'actualité," or pamphlets for the times, from the French point of view, which he thinks may have some interest for our readers. The list, however, contains but two titles relating to the Germanic provinces of France: one, "L'Alsace et les prétentions prussiennes," an Alsatian's reply to the Germans, by Edouard Schuré; and "La République neutre d'Alsace," by Count Gasparin. We commend both to whoever would judge fairly of the rightfulness or expediency of annexation. Among the other pamphlets treating of various phases of the war, we will, with our correspondent's permission, mention only the one which stands last on the list—"La Paix," by Roger de la Lande, concerning which the advertisement says: "This brochure was seized at Bordeaux by order of the Minister of the Interior."

—When the French artillery was forced to abandon the plateau of Avron, there retreated with it the commander of a battery, Baron Stoffel, formerly military attaché of France at Berlin. It was not unnatural that upon him should have been turned some of the odium justly excited against the Imperial Government, because of its neglect to inform itself thoroughly of the Prussian military system and resources. In justification of himself, the Baron publishes a very complete study of the Prussian staff system, which he sent to his Government in 1868, and which was either unopened or utterly disregarded. The same reception befell other similar communications made in that year, and which, with a truly loyal frankness, exposed the French ignorance of its neighbor in every respect, and the vast inferiority of the French army to that of Prussia.

"How should it be otherwise," he asks, on one occasion, "since a young Frenchman receives no notion of that important part of history which concerns the institutions of the moderns, their character, their genius, their tendencies, that he is not seriously instructed in any foreign language, or inspired with a taste for study? The result is that generation succeeds to generation without any knowledge being obtained of the people by whom France is surrounded. Is there a single person in France who has followed the curious development of Prussia since 1815? Here are a people full of life, who in fifty years double their population; who, laying the foundation of their edifice on two great principles—obligatory instruction and obligatory military service—place themselves in the first rank of the enlightened nations of Europe, organize a formidable army, provided with an armament *sans pareil*, and led by the best instructed officers in the

world—and this spectacle remains unperceived until this people reveal themselves like a thunderclap in 1866. We then began to study the causes of these great events, but already this nation, capable, energetic, and unscrupulous, whose frontiers are within nine days' march of Paris, without any natural obstacle interposing, counts 30,000,000 of souls, and disposes of a million of soldiers.

"Within the last fifteen years," he goes on to say, "we have had two great wars. What lesson have we learnt in a military point of view? Have we attempted to ameliorate any branch of our service? It was no doubt said, Everything appears to be satisfactory, since we have beaten the Russians and the Austrians."

And how fully has this warning been justified:

"Should war break out, take care not to believe in France that we shall have to deal with Austrian troops. The Prussian army will show us a vigor and audacity and a science of war which we did not encounter in Italy. How would the Prussians have acted in 1859? Directly hostilities commenced, they would have entered Turin before a single French soldier had crossed the Alps. At Solferino, the Fourth Corps, in spite of its heroic efforts, would have been broken by noon. There can be no doubt of this, looking at the energy and intelligence displayed during the war of 1866."

LOWELL'S LATEST PROSE VOLUME.*

THIS latest book of essays by Mr. Lowell opens with two which are perhaps the best. That is hardly the right word, either, there are so many kinds of goodness in the book—as of criticism often unsurpassable in acuteness; of criticism unsurpassable often in the delicacy of its sensibility to imaginative beauty; of humor; of wit, sarcastic, or playful, or almost poetically fanciful; of penetrative thought; of a cheerful hopefulness for the future; of righteous indignation at certain things, yet of unflinching kind-heartedness; of keen enjoyment of nature; of poetry. The most delightful we should perhaps do better to style the two opening essays. "My Garden Acquaintance" is the title of one, and "A Good Word for Winter" that of the other. Both will be remembered by many of our readers as having adorned the first numbers of the "Atlantic Almanac," and in a way in which almanacs have seldom been adorned. They bear witness to the truth of Mr. Lowell's prefatory remark about the title he has given to his new volume. It is not a title that he likes, he has been saying; he would have preferred something simpler; but publishers are "inexorable on this point"—that is to say, they care more for a title that will look well on a placard than for one that may suit a book—and having no time to find one thoroughly to his mind, he hastily snatched that which the volume now bears; but, he says, it "is meant to imply both the books within and the world without, and perhaps may pass muster in the case of one who has always found his most fruitful study in the open air." The book is mainly about books and men of letters; but both "A Good Word for Winter" and "My Garden Acquaintance" manifestly show that only an ardent and persistent lover and companion of nature in all her moods and of the open air in all weathers could have written them, or, let us say rather, could have had them to write. Much that is in them is literary, but more of them is as freshly natural as a brook, or a leaf shooting; and of the literature much, being quoted from other lovers of outdoor life, is literary as Cowper's "Winter Morning Walk" is, the first part of which, though read in an air-tight library, would still give almost the very sensation of a walk in the snow amid the sights and sounds of rural England, or New England either for that matter. Mr. Lowell's garden acquaintances are the birds that frequent his trees, and we remember that it was like being out in the fields in the nest-building time of the year, and afterwards in the time of fruit, to read his account of them when it was first printed. Better yet is the essay on the shows that winter affords, and whoever is not now persuaded that winter is that season of the year when man has most days in which to enjoy life out-of-doors, and also has then more to enjoy than the other seasons can give, may very probably, after reading this "Good Word for Winter," find themselves of his opinion. Perhaps such a convert should live neither in the city nor in the unmitigated country. In the city winter is apt to mean streets vile with defiled snow, and is worse to endure than summer. In the country, if man is not shut by roads blocked with mud or snow into a hermetically sealed house hot with stoves, he is likely to be made to feel something of the sordidness of the struggle for mere animal comfort, and to know by catarrhs and colds and enforced isolation that we have not yet subdued nature and made the world habitable. The city man knows the winter as so much mere unsightliness and additional expense; but the country liver has not so wholly guarded himself against its fiercer attacks that he does not still feel something of that fear which our cave-dwelling ancestors

justly felt. The struggle has lost most of its terrors, and is irritating and spiteful now rather than a matter of life and death; but its meanness makes it none the less dislikable. The converts of whom we speak will probably be dwellers in suburban towns, where winter, indeed, has been made tributary, and has lost the power to harm, but has not been robbed of everything, as the cities have robbed him, and still can show us all his treasures. It might, by the way, be worth while to enquire whether the alleged greater enjoyment of external nature by us moderns is not in great part due to the fact that we are so much more independent of the vicissitudes of the elements, and have also learned to know so many of the mysterious secrets which awed our fathers. We speak rather of our more immediate predecessors than of the ancients; and of a question not the same as the question whether the Greeks and Romans, for instance, had the sentiment for nature which Christianity as opposed to paganism is said to have brought into modern as opposed to classical literature.

In the essay entitled "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners" Mr. Lowell humorously and with abundant wit complains of the supercilious tone with which our British cousins have been wont to criticise us and patronize us; and, to confess the truth, he finds so many excellent reasons, based on our condition and on theirs, why they should have done so, and also so many and so much better reasons why they should not, that we almost wonder he thought it worth while to say anything about it. This the more, inasmuch as the American people, having recently made some great discoveries as to its own strength and its own weaknesses, has discovered the animus of the more impudent and exasperating criticisms and the reasonableness of some of the others, and is now able to profit intelligently by the most that its relatives say about it. Moreover, we should say that, on the whole, the American people is henceforth likely to pay too little rather than too much regard to foreign criticism. The man of the Mississippi Valley—who is soon to be America, so far, at least, as regards the Committee on Foreign Relations—is more likely, we imagine, to sin on the side of Mr. Zachariah Chandler than on the side of Washington Irving and the Prominent Citizen of Boston. However, Mr. Lowell says nothing which is not perfectly justified by a long array of facts; and it is to be recollected, too, that his essay was intended not as complaint—which was the fault of the general run of the protestations that we used to make—nor as retaliatory criticism; but as a warning to Englishmen who desire amity with this country, and as a frank declaration to his own countrymen that they are obnoxious to some of the blame which used to be over-insolently showered upon them. Nobody among us need care at this time of day for the things that Carlyle said when he "freed his mind," as they say in New England, about the late rebellion; but everybody among us ought to care a good deal that some of the harsh things he said about us are so true that Fisk and Drew and Vanderbilt and Hoffman and Tweed represent not so badly one of the most pervading and powerful tendencies of our national life. There is something for Englishmen to care about, too, when a man like Mr. Lowell—not General Butler nor Senator Chandler—talks to them about a "settled sense of wrong" in the minds of his countrymen caused by the attitudes which England has so often adopted towards this country.

As a specimen of wise criticism of the kind most different from reviewing and most capable of directing the labors of such workers in literature as endeavor to understand the philosophy of their art, we would call attention to an essay entitled "Swinburne's Tragedies." The attempts at doing the antique which, in one form or another, periodically breaking out, have constituted a main curse, if not the main curse, of our later modern literature, would hardly have troubled us if it had been permitted to Goethe, say, a century ago to see so clearly and lay down so forcibly the law which, we trust, may now work out our deliverance from that mother of shams, pseudo-classicism. Of her earlier broods less is to be said; for how could men foresee that there would come a time when readers and writers would no longer be those alone who knew Greek and Latin; and what more natural than that the Greek and Latin forms should, in the larger number of cases, dominate the mind of the writer whose vehicle of expression and of thought was the Greek or Latin tongue? But between Petrarch writing "Africa" in Latin and a man of our day writing "Merope," or a man of the last century writing Pindaric odes, the difference is great indeed. The one, by training if not by birth, was in good part a true Latin; and, moreover, could not foresee that all of that posterity to which he appealed would not also be as genuinely Latin as himself; the other, ninety-nine parts Englishman or German or what not, in spite of himself ninety-nine parts modern, endeavors to throw away the ninety-nine parts, and with the other produce work worthy of himself

* "My Study Windows. By James Russell Lowell." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

In the nature of things this he cannot do, and his performance is either nothing, or it is such a mixture of classic and modern work and ideas as to be bad on both sides. This pernicious fallacy Mr. Lowell so exposes as to make one hope that a great deal of useless labor may be left unattempted by many men whose time is worth saving.

"Thoreau" and "Carlyle" are two most admirable studies of character, of which we do not know which is the better. We fancy that the enemies of Thoreau and the friends of Carlyle might perhaps be more pleased in the perusal than the friends of the one and the enemies of the other. Thoreau's distinctive quality as a writer to people who are extravagantly fond of him, as we know some who are, is the power he has to make them breathe the very air, and smell the very scent, and feel in all ways the very presence of the virgin woods in their solemn wildness; it is, they say, as natural and utterly unadulterated a flavor that one gets from him as from a cranberry picked and eaten in the swamp. Perhaps this view, if it be at all deserving the name of a view, of one side of Thoreau, is not brought out by the essay before us. But, so far as we know the man, we should say that he gets full justice. People who are able to be the friends of such a person as we take him to have been, are usually capable of being blind and partisan worshippers. Carlyle is perhaps discussed with something of that feeling of the semi-affectionate respect with which, as we fancy, more men of the last generation regard him than any man who will be writing of him twenty years hence. He is now a part of the recollections of many men's youth, of their time of early and uninstructed but noble aspiration, delightful even in the pensive retrospect. So, perhaps, Mr. Lowell speaks of him in a tone that many will think somewhat too laudatory. We do not say no. But, let that be as it may, the general summing-up of Carlyle's character is as truthfully severe, and severely truthful, while both dignified and considerate, as anything that we at present recollect in English criticism.

We have left ourselves but little space, and cannot speak at length of the very richly-deserved exhortation which Mr. Lowell gives Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, one of the most ill-natured of critics, and not honest either, and, as it would seem, almost utterly incapable of doing literary work of the least value. Of the "Chaucer," a charming essay, full of unmistakable fellow-feeling, and which cannot be otherwise than a permanent gain to the literature of criticism, we have before this called the attention of our readers; and our readers had the pleasure of reading in our own columns the fine tribute which Mr. Lowell pays to Mr. Emerson the lecturer, the lecturer whom all the world was mad about—and not with so much unwisdom—some thirty years ago, when he began his work of emancipating and vivifying so many American minds, and giving to the best men of our last generation, or our risen generation, so strong an impulse towards a saving idealism. The essay on Abraham Lincoln closes with a passage so good and just that we regret our inability to quote it; and not unlike this essay, for its power of incitement to higher ways in politics, is that entitled "A Great Public Character." On the whole, we think this volume may with probability be expected even to increase its author's great reputation as one of the best of critics and one of the wittiest of men. We still mingle with our gratitude, however, some grumbling that there should be so much too much wit and point, and some supersubtleties of interpretation; while the judgment on Pope seems to us little less than astonishing. But no student of English literature, and, we should think, no American worker in literature, can afford to be without the body of criticism contained in "My Study Windows" and its predecessor.

GUSTAVE DROZ.

It may seem a little hard-hearted to look upon the present war as merely an interruption of French literature; but, even regarded from that point of view alone, it may well give us plenty of food for thought. Here is a whole school of writers, a whole generation of novelists, whose works, only six months ago, we were all reading with interest, and of many of whom one might almost say they are now as much men of the past as George de Scudéri or M. le Président de Brosses. In the prostration of France everything will be changed; even the very *dramatis personæ* must be different; and in reading the novels of last year, not the most enthusiastic friend of Germany can forbear a feeling of pitying regret for the elegant and witty society, which seemed made for pleasure only, and is now in such terrible distress. As to certain of these writers, we feel that they are finished. But there are others who, if France becomes once again peaceful, cannot help bringing to more serious use in the future the grace acquired in the luxury of the Second Empire. And to the student of modern literature it will be extremely interesting to watch the

subsequent career and change of those writers with whom he is familiar. Théophile Gautier, who will never change, is in Paris, and we may confidently expect from him an interesting account of the city during the siege. Our opinion of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian our readers know, and from them also we feel justified in expecting continued activity, and activity with excellent results. And Edmund About may perhaps look forward to a new career as creditable as the old. It is, however, of another writer, Gustave Droz, that we wish to speak more especially to-day. He has already published two volumes of short essays—"Monsieur, Madame et Bébé," and "Entre Nous;" two novels, "Autour d'une Source," which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in the year 1869, and "Le Cahier bleu de Mdlle. Cibot," which came out last year. Besides these, we should mention a little book, called "Un Paquet de Lettres," which also was first written for the *Revue*. He is probably a young man, for his first writings appeared only five or six years ago in a flippant paper, "La Vie Parisienne," which thoroughly deserved its name. These two volumes it would be telling but half the truth to call frivolous. They are of the sort which are to be hidden beneath the sofa cushion rather than literature *virginibus puerisque*; but, in spite of that fault, they are in many respects admirable. Most of the sketches are little scenes of life in Paris, told with a charming wit and an aristocratic elegance which is seldom outdone even by the most practised writers of that city. They are written with just that art which redeems the most ordinary incidents from appearing commonplace, and which is so necessary if the subjects, personages, and incidents are to appear natural. A few of them are pathetic, and lack that additional pinch of salt which the *blasé* appetite of Droz's French audience demanded. Such, for example, is the little tale called "L'Omelette," the first one in "Entre Nous." Others again, in fact the most, are satirical, but with the grace of the satirist who will not be listened to unless he amuse the reader, and who is himself too little of a moralist to forget his craft as a story-teller. Observe the cleverness of this passage, which very well serves as a specimen of his lighter manner. It is in the chapter called "Causerie," in this same "Entre Nous." The scene lies in Paradise, in the Faubourg Saint-Germain of the place, in the Paradise of the blessed of good family. The speakers are two Parisian ladies. We quote the original French. A translation into English would be harder than a translation of Faust:

"LUCILE (*se levant tout à coup du fauteuil où elle est assise, et venant au-devant de Berthe, qui se promène lentement*).—Hé quoi! Vous ici, comtesse? Quel heureux hasard, ma belle! (*Elles s'embrassent avec effusion*.)

"BERTHE.—Heureux hasard, en effet, ma chérie; car je ne comptais guère vous rencontrer sous ces ombrages.

"LUCILE (*éclatant de rire*).—Et, de bon compte, où vouliez-vous que je fusse?

"BERTHE.—Eh! mon Dieu! je craignais que vous n'avez été... retardée.... Cela peut arriver.

"LUCILE.—Non, vraiment; tout s'est parfaitement passé. J'ai eu une réception—oh! mais une réception, ma chère! Figurez-vous que toutes ces dames sont venues à ma rencontre en grand uniforme. C'était un coup d'œil enchanteur. Saint Pierre lui-même—

"BERTHE.—Ah! qu'il est bien! Du premier coup il a fait ma conquête—

"LUCILE.—N'est-ce pas qu'il a l'air distingué? Il est en relation avec tant de monde! cela forme— Je vous disais donc que, malgré ses occupations, il est venu au-devant de moi, et, après avoir fait taire par un geste l'orchestre, qui jouait un air de circonstance, 'Madame la baronne,' m'a-t-il dit, 'je vous attendais. Veuillez croire aux sentiments de respectueuse sympathie,' etc., etc. Enfin il s'en est admirablement bien tiré—pour un parvenu.

"BERTHE.—Je trouve votre *parvenu* ravissant. Ah! ah! ah!

"LUCILE.—Pourquoi ravissant? Il est clair que saint Pierre est un grand saint, mais enfin il n'est pas né duc et pair; c'est comme cela, ma belle.

"BERTHE.—C'est certain, mais ce n'est point l'endroit, entre nous, de lui faire des reproches— Ne trouvez-vous pas qu'il ressemble au comte de N. de profil? C'est prodigieux."

And so they run on, expressing their elegant horror at the number of vulgar people they meet. Another clever sketch is that called "Sous l'éventail," the prattle of a number of pretty young girls at a party, which he overhears. He is a keen social satirist, quite free from ill-nature, in full evening dress, witty, gay, brilliant, and polished, without heartlessness on the one hand, and, on the other, without sentimentality. He points out the follies of society with a truth that must convince the most thoughtless, and a calmness of good taste which prevents that abuse of the methods used which so often diverts the attention from the object of the satire. He paints his women so charming, witty, and fascinating that they cannot help feeling complimented in spite of the little mercy shown to their follies; and his men, too, see themselves exposed, with all their petty vanities and foibles; but it is done so delicately that they will probably be rather proud of their faults.

We speak thus at length of these slighter works because they are really so clever; his longer novels, however, are masterpieces of fiction. "Autour d'une Source" strikes a much higher note. The *Revue* naturally demands something more serious than the debauched "Vie Parisienne." We find here the same merits, unstained by the faults we have mentioned above. The story is simple and pathetic. The hero is the priest of a little village; the other characters, a spendthrift count, who is a man of pleasure of the Second Empire; his rich wife; her father, who is a speculator; and a few others. We shall not give an analysis of the novel which it is so easy to get, but shall content ourselves with praising its great merits. Regarded merely as a bit of workmanship, it has all the elegance which, perhaps, will immortalize the best of the present race of French writers as truly as the works of the French period of dramatic success immortalized the great dramatists. The poetry of those authors was cramped by its form, but French prose is far more poetical than the poetry, and, of course, much less hampered by artificial canons of art. Every reader knows its charm, its ease, its accuracy, and its dignity. This book has more than that—the characters are admirably drawn without exaggeration, but clearly and impressively. Droz has had the great advantage of knowing that he had readers whose taste was delicate enough to make that exaggeration which coarser minds need absolutely disagreeable—an advantage which, except our poets, our English-speaking authors lack so entirely that most of them find difficulty in conceiving of it. It has its ill effects, to be sure; it shows itself unpleasantly in the French contempt for other nations; but an immense advantage it is, nevertheless. The best of our novels treat of far nobler themes than most of the French. Take, for instance, this other one of Droz's, "Le Cahier bleu de Mlle Cibot." It is the sad story, written half in the form of a journal, half-told by the author, of the life of a French woman. Her girlhood in the convent with priests who frighten her; her life at home with a mother who does not care for her at all, and with a henpecked father; her marriage with a broken-down, odious man; her love for a friend of her husband; the contrast between the wretched life she leads at home and her almost innocent devotion to her lover; her husband's death; the polite contempt of her lover, and her despair—such is the story. In our analysis the tale gets but very scant justice. It seems simply improper; in fact, it is simply piteous. In our novels we pay for their innocence by too many pale-passionless figures, or else, just at the present time more particularly, we find works which give us improprieties or crimes without that analysis of the moving passion which alone could make of them real works of art, which alone redeems them from utter vulgarity. A novelist, like every one else, should avoid prudishness; and we could pray that English-writing authors, while they still retain their present ground of moral dignity, which, after all abatements have been made, is still the ground that English fiction holds, might set themselves to work—if the thing could only be learned—to learn some of the methods of their French brethren. Whether Droz has survived this war, we do not know. We sincerely hope that he has, and that he is destined to go on as well as he has begun. And if, as seems not impossible, we are now beginning the twentieth century—for centuries, like the magazines, always come out in advance of their time—and if Germany is to have the position which France has held, let us hope that during the new literary age that is upon us, each nation may acquire some of the merits of the other; the moral worth of the one be made more attractive by the charm which has so long been gilding vice; and the elegance of the other ameliorate the manners and style of a people which, if it has all the virtues, certainly has few of the graces. And, as for us Americans, a more ductile and more quickly apprehensive race than the nearer neighbors of the French, who can say that this twentieth century which we are beginning may not turn out to be that age of literature in which, combining French skill and lightness of touch with German force and depth of thought and feeling, we are going to astonish and disgust all the contributors to *Blackwood* by flooding the world with American books which everybody will read, written in English superior to the best of Doctor Beattie's himself? Seriously, however, and whatever may be going to happen to us in the next hundred years, it will be a good day for American literature when American authors, before they write many books, make careful study of a writer whose workmanship is like that of Gustave Droz.

The Recovery of Jerusalem. A Narrative of Exploration and Discovery in the City and the Holy Land. By Captain Wilson, R.E., and Captain Warren, R.E. With an Introduction by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—American scho-

larship and American enterprise led the way, in recent times, to the scientific exploration of the Holy Land. Dr. Robinson was the pioneer in that method of investigation which gave to ancient historical records, to the itineraries of early travellers, to local associations and natural features, and to Arabic names and memories, precedence over the monkish traditions which everywhere in Palestine had usurped the place of authentic history and of a rational chorography. Dr. Robinson was greatly assisted by Dr. Eli Smith, whose knowledge of the Arabic language and familiarity with the country and the people supplemented at every point his own historical learning and his habit of patient observation. But Robinson himself was a little apt to proceed upon a theory, and to come at results by a foregone conclusion. This is especially noticeable in his treatment of certain disputed points at Sinai and at Jerusalem, where, though we follow him in the main, we should prefer a less dogmatic assertion of facts not fully established by discovery. Still, Robinson and Smith remain to this day almost unimpeachable authorities upon the topography and archaeology of Palestine. Dr. William M. Thomson, an acute observer, and of great shrewdness and tact in dealing with human nature of the Oriental and especially the Arab type, has added much to our knowledge of the details of sacred localities and of Biblical manners and customs. To Captain Lynch and his party the scientific world is indebted for the careful tracing of the Jordan and the successful exploration of the Dead Sea. A host of European explorers, of different nations, have followed in the wake of these; but only within a few years have well-appointed expeditions been sent out for the study of Palestine.

The benevolent wish of Miss Burdett Coutts to provide water for Jerusalem, gave the first impulse to investigations which have been followed up systematically by the committee of the "Palestine Exploration Fund," under the presidency of the Archbishop of York. By the favor of the British Government, the ordnance survey of Palestine was undertaken by a corps of engineers, and the position of many important points, especially in the northern section of the country, was for the first time accurately determined. The Lake of Gennesareth was explored with a thoroughness which enables us to fix with reasonable certainty the sites of Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Chorazin. This is especially true of Capernaum; for the identification of the fountain at Tabigah with the fountain of Capernaum by the discovery of an aqueduct carrying its waters into the plain of Gennesareth, seems to establish the claim of *Tel Hum* to be the ancient Capernaum. The labor of the "Fund," however, has been chiefly expended upon the Holy City, and its results are now published in the attractive volume with the somewhat ambitious title given above. In a scientific point of view, the book is disappointing. It presents, in the form of a popular narrative, the results which had already been given more drily in the quarterly statement of the "Palestine Exploration Fund;" and these results are meagre in comparison with the time, money, and labor expended upon the object. Yet, when we consider the difficulties of the case, the incessant warfare to be waged with ignorance, prejudice, and fanaticism, the perils to life and limb in underground tunnelling, and the climatic dangers attendant upon any kind of exposure or exertion at Jerusalem, we may rather wonder that so much has been achieved. Some advance has been made toward determining the course of the ancient walls, the course of the Tyropæon and its depth, and the area of the Temple. Dr. Robinson's discovery of the arch of an ancient bridge across the valley has been confirmed. The city has been more carefully surveyed and mapped, and the specimens of cartography given in the volume are extremely beautiful.

The publication of this book is timely as a stimulus to the work of exploration. It will acquaint multitudes with one of the most interesting enterprises of archaeological research. An American committee for the exploration of Palestine has just been constituted, and we understand it is their purpose to send a party to the regions lying east of the Jordan which are known to be rich in the monuments of antiquity. A meeting will soon be held in this city for the purpose of bringing the plans of the committee more fully before the public. Americans should resume their leadership in this field.

Kitty: A novel by M. Betham-Edwards, author of "Doctor Jacob," etc. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.)—This is not only an unusually good novel, as novels go, but, in point of readability and general interest, it is also a marked improvement upon a previous novel by the same author, which was published rather more than a year before. That it is intrinsically very much better we are not certain. Clever as its character-drawing is, and ingenious and little tiresome as is its moralizing, "Doctor Jacob" quite equalled it in these respects; and the hero of that

story, although not nearly so pleasantly interesting as "Kitty," was an earlier study of the same kind of character, and his history pointed a moral not dissimilar to that of hers. His lines were cast in unpleasant places, however; the little German town in which he practised his fascinations, and the prosaic German pastors and schoolmistresses who were beguiled into loving and trusting him even beyond the period when their judgment decided that he was unworthy of either feeling, though they were carefully studied and well described, are less interesting to ordinary novel-readers than Kitty's vagabondish life in Paradise Place, and her subsequent adventures in more or less fashionable English society. And Kitty herself, a young, handsome, variously gifted woman, is a person the secret of whose power of fascination is not so far to seek as it was in the case of the elderly Doctor Jacob, whose well-preserved beauty and clerical character did not of themselves account for his personal popularity. Kitty seems to us sufficiently consistent and accountable—and that Doctor Jacob was not equally so was, we think, rather more the fault of the author than of her readers. It is reasonable, at all events, to suppose that people who write novels give every clue in their possession to the elucidation of their characters; and the key to Kitty's faulty virtues, which is supplied in the remark that her "moral perceptions were as acute as her practical morality was lax," and which would have equally well applied to Doctor Jacob, seemed not to have been suggested to Miss Edwards in that instance. The secret of his success with good people—a success not wholly undeserved either—was apparently a puzzle to herself. Her own lack of faith in the character was too evident. Kitty, however, she understands better, and she has made her sufficiently plausible.

The book is all pleasant reading, though it is a trifle too suggestive of Thackeray at times, perhaps; but all that portion of it which introduces the reader to the artistic Bohemia of Paradise Place seems better done and more real than the rest. We at least were always glad to get back from more genteel company to Polly Cornford and her proverbs, and Perry is as cleverly drawn as Kitty herself, and is a more satisfactory person. As for Kitty, with all her faults, she interests her readers too, as well as her friends, and her failure at the last seems rather ignominious. Apparently, however, there is to be a sequel to her story, in which we may hope that she is to learn that true wisdom and worldly wisdom are not so widely opposed as even the least sceptical among us are sometimes inclined to believe.

I. Elements of German Grammar. I. First Book in German. By E. C. F. Krauss. (Boston: S. R. Urbino.)—In these two really excellent little books the student will find all that he needs for a very good reading knowledge of German, and he will find it put in a simple way, and made intelligible to those who may not have had a scientific grammatical training in other languages. These qualities admirably fit Mr. Krauss's volumes for the use of any of our preparatory schools or many of our smaller colleges. The first of the two is arranged in the usual order, save that it omits all

exercises, it being especially intended as a book of reference. For this reason, and to this end, it contains what many grammars lack, namely, full lists of the nouns which are exceptions to the ordinary rules. In another edition, these lists might be made complete. In that upon page 11, § 6, 3, we do not find *Genoss, Gesell, or Gefährte*; nor in § 8, b. *der* and *die Geissel, die* and *das Gift, der* and *das Mensch, der* and *das Messer, der* and *das Reis*. The explanation of the German passive, so often a stumbling-block to beginners, is clear and intelligent. The third chapter, upon the words incapable of inflection, is admirable; it contains just that information so often lacking in the grammars, but which every teacher must never weary of repeating.

The other volume will be found of service to single students more particularly, or to a small class under a teacher. The principle on which it is arranged is a good one. A bit of the German text is given, with an interlinear translation for every word at its first appearance, with the rules of pronunciation as they are needed, and such grammatical information as is founded upon the text and required by it. There certainly seems to be great economy of time in this method. The beginner learns his grammar at the same time that he has a peg on which to hang his information.

As the names imply, these books are both elementary. They do not contain the long discussion of the knottier points which is required by the more advanced pupil, but which so dazes the beginner; but for a young student, or for one who is painstaking, but to whom the more artificial methods of the conventional grammar are distasteful, we can recommend them heartily.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Adams (J. Q. and C. F.), <i>The Life of John Adams</i> , 2 vols. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Allibone (S. A.), <i>Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American Authors</i> , vol. 3 and last (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Andersen (H. C.), <i>Stories and Tales</i> (Hurd & Houghton)	\$2 25
Bickersteth (Rev. E. H.), <i>The Rock of Ages</i> (E. P. Dutton & Co.)	1 25
Brock (Mrs. C.), <i>Sunday Echoes in Week-day Hours</i> (E. P. Dutton & Co.)	2 00
Clement (Clara E.), <i>Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art</i> (Hurd & Houghton)	3 25
Darwin (C.), <i>The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex</i> , vol. 1 (D. Appleton & Co.)	
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